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McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY | TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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GREATER STATE AID PROPOSED FOR SCHOOLS.

Senator Tustin and Representative Moscrip Have Bills Ready.

WOULD RELIEVE LOCAL TAXATION.

State Would Pay About $11,000,000 Per Year for Education—Bill Should Receive Favorable Consideration in Both Houses.

Senator Tustin, Philadelphia, aided by Representative Moscrip, Bradford, and members of both branches representing the rural districts of the State, will make a strong fight for the passage of a bill the object of which shall be to provide increased appropriations for the schools of the State. In conjunction with this proposed measure the same legislators will endeavor to put through additional revenue raising bills. The new measure will not conflict in any way with the school code prepared by the commission created by the last session of the legislature, it is claimed by its authors.

The new bill, which was prepared by Senator Tustin and Representative Moscrip and which is now in the possession of the Philadelphian, provides that the State shall pay to districts the same minimum salary for all teachers employed for the minimum school term. At present the law provides that a teacher not holding a permanent certificate shall recieve not less than $40 per month and those holding the required certificate shall receive not less than $50 per month.

The minimum school term is fixed at seven months. Under the Tustin-Moscrip bill the State would be required to pay the minimum salary for each and every teacher employed and for a period of seven months. Each school district would pay the differance to all teachers receiving over the minimum salary.

To carry out the provisions of the bill its authors say would require an annual appropriation of approximately $11,000,000, or $3,500,00 more than is now appropriated to the schools. However, these figures are based on a minimum term of seven months. The new school code fixes the minimum at eight months.

Under the present law the school appropriation is divided according to the number of resident taxables, the number of pupils and the number of teachers. The new school code eliminates the number of resident taxables. The Tustin-Moscrip bill will cut out all of these rules.

"If the legislature would do nothing but pass this bill and adjourn," declared Mr. Moscrip to-day, "it would have accomplished more for the benefit of the people than any legislature for many years. There are many districts in this State where they are unable, because of a lack of money to keep their schools open even for the minimum term of seven months. The millage in these districts is as high as the law permits and yet they are so poor that they cannot raise enough money to conduct the schools properly. If the State will agree to pay the minimum salaries for the minimum term, every district in the State will be able to keep schools open as long as the law requires or the people desire. It will also permit the money now expended in teachers' salaries to be spent in betterment of the schools themselves. The residents of the cities would have less taxation than they have now and the rural districts would have all the money they need. For instance in my county we recieved $90,000 last year. Under our proposition they would receive $141,000.

"To carry out the provisions of this bill it would be only necessary to pass a few of the measures to provide additional revenue."

Birthday Anniversary.

The fiftieth anniversary of M. S. Comes was befittingly celebrated at his home about three miles west of this borough last evening. Between fifty and sixty guests responded to an invitation from Mrs. Comes to assist in properly marking the half-century mile post of life of Mr. Comes, and all made merry until a late hour.

The guests were made up from his friends and neighbors along Marvin creek and a number of friends from this place. The evening was enlivened with an excellent musical program of pieces that used to delight the guests in their [illegible]-and girl-hood days and one of the [illegible] old the writer this morning that [illegible] ie took him back thirty years [illegible] that he had not had a better [illegible] number of years.

[illegible] ening one of these good [illegible] pers, that make all [illegible] enough to participate [illegible] served, and after [illegible] their host at least [illegible] they departed [illegible] of the

Star and Record Merged.

The Bradford Evening Star and the Bradford Daily Record have been merged and on Monday the new paper appeared for the first time. This appears to be an excellent idea and will be a benefit not only to the owners and publishers but to their patrons as well. Bradford is well able to take care of one bright morning and one live evening paper, and it now has them. The new publication is an improvement over either of the old evening papers and is now one of the very best to be found in the country in a city of its size.

The Star-Record gets afternoon news dispatches from both the [illegible] and the United Press. The local field is covered by an augmented staff. James McIntyre continues as managing editor. W. F. Potter will look after local and oil news. Misses Grace Marston and Belle McIntyre will act as reporters; C. H. Miller will be business manager; Miss Anna McGraw, bookkeeper and cashier, and Miss Claire Cotwick, assistant. Mrs. J. D. Riley will be connected with the business office as collector and solicitor. Officers of the Star Publishing Company, owners of the merged publication, are as follows: R. P. Habgood, president; Ernest G. Smith, vice president; D. M. Habgood, secretary and treasurer. Mr. Habgood will be editor and general manager.

Incendiary Fire at Bradford.

Between 3 and 4 o'clock yesterday morning, a dastardly attempt was made to fire the dwelling house occupied by Dominic Pasquarele, at No. 24 Hilton street, says yesterday's Era.

The first intimation the occupants had of the fire was when smoke appeared in the bedroom occupied by Mr. Pasquarele. He was nearly suffocated. Choking and bewildered, he managed to reach the open air. He made a hurried investigation and found that a brisk blaze was burning under the rear part of the house and had already eaten a hole in the roof of the rear veranda. The fire had also damaged the floor of the main part of the structure.

Other members of the household were aroused and the fire was extinguished without calling out the fire department. There was a strong odor of kerosene oil about the place and it was quite evident that an incendiary had been at work.

Mr. Pasquarele came to Bradford but a few weeks ago and says that he does not know of an enemy in the world. He is at loss to account for the outrage. He has received no threatening letters.

Sweet Seventeen.

The celebration of the seventeenth anniversary of the Travellers' Club last Saturday was a pronounced success, socially, financially and intellectually. The club house overflowed with members and friends, and from the opening address by the president, through the speeches by Mrs. McCoy, Judge Bouton and Rev. Harris, down to the rhymed stories and prose anecdotes of the members, wit and humor fairly flashed and scintillated. A book review of "The Shepherd of the Hills" was presented by Mrs. Sheridan Gorton who proved herself a versatile and pleasing reader. Mrs. J. S. Walker played a Fantasie as only she can play it. Mrs. V. B. Bouton sang a lullaby with violin obligato by Frederick Specht and piano accompaniment by Miss Goshorn. Tea was served. The sum total of the money earned and presented as a birthday gift to the club house fund was over eighty dollars.

Revision of Primary Laws.

A number of projects for changing Pennsylvania's primary law are under discussion at Harrisburg, says the Era. While the law gives to every voter a free choice and is secret and so constructed as to prevent tampering with voters by any sinister influence, yet it has defects.

The restrictions as to party lines are very lax in it. Democrats can vote for Republicans and Republicans for Democrats in the selection of candidates. It is said that in the recent primary election in Pittsburg the ignoring of party obligations was very flagrant. This sort of arrangement may please some citizens but it is not a good policy. Republicans should be allowed to choose their own candidates. So should men of other parties. In the process of making nominations there should be a practical means adopted of keeping party alignments intact.

P. H. C. Card Party.

The card party given by the members of the Protected Home Circle on Tuesday evening, Feb. 2, was a great success in every way. The high prizes were won by Mrs. Mollie Pierce and Charles Seull, and the low prizes were carried home by Mrs. G. H. Denning and M. S. Geary. Like the other portion of the evening's doings, the lunch of which 90 partook was a decided success.

The P. H. C. is one of the grandest orders in existence and Smethport Circle No. 25 has had $15,000 paid into homes in this vicinity since it was organized in 1898.

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Give the MINER Job Printing Department a trial.

Gone to California.

W. P. Mulhern, who has been a native of our town for the past seven years with the exception of a short period last fall spent on the Pacific coast in the interests of Senator J. K. P. Hall, Wm. Kaul and others, has decided to make California his home in the immediate future and left on Monday morning for Oakland, where he will have charge of the manufacturing and distributing of a new form of powder and dynamite, which explodes only by percussion.

During Mr. Mulhern's residence in our midst he has filled many important and responsible positions and has proved himself to be a man of unusual ability, great resourcefulness, absolute integrity and of a social nature to make for himself friends in all walks of life. For some years he filled the position of assistant freight and passenger agent of the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern Railroad, and resigned that position to become traffic manager for the Hall & Kaul interests at St. Marys and other points. Because of his great ability, resourcefulness and reliability he was chosen by those who know him best to take charge of the development of this important industry with offices at Oakland, California. While his many friends and associates in St. Marys and Elk county regret that he is to find a new home, yet they congratulate him that his worth is recognized and that his new position not only gives him greatly increased remuneration, but that it also furnishes great opportunities for advancement which must come to a man like Mr. Mulhern.

He will be missed not only in the business, civic and political field of our community, but also in the social life, where he was a popular favorite. His family will remain in St. Marys until spring when they expect to join Mr. Mulhern in the beautiful city of Oakland, situated on San Francisco Bay, opposite San Francisco, the metropolis of California.—St. Marys Gazette.

Before leaving the Knights of Columbus, of which he is an honored member, gave him a farewell festival and he was presented with an emblem gold watch by the local members.

Previous to moving to St. Marys Mr. Mulhern was a highly respected resident of Smethport for several years. He was local agent for the P., S. & N. R. R. and made a host of friends who will regret to learn that "Bill" and his estimable family are going so far away but will be pleased to learn that he is steadily forging to the front in the business world.

A Very Strange Case.

A dispatch from Allentown, Pa., dated Feb. 1, says: Still insisting that she is under the hypnotic influence of a handsome stranger whom she met on the train while traveling from Chicago to this city, and that she cannot be released from his spell until she has again met and kissed the man, Miss Alice Gerber was removed from the sanitarium where she has been under the care of nurses since Friday night to the home of her brother Morris Gerber, in South Bethlehem. At time she is rational, but she soon relapses into a state resembling trance. Her body grows rigid, and powerful restoratives are necessary to revive her.

"That man's face is so imprinted upon my memory," she said to-day, "that it is impossible to escape from it. He accompanied me all the way from Chicago to Allentown, and when I left the train he told me he would return Monday afternoon and remove the spell with a kiss."

Miss Gerber was on her way to Boston, where she was to be married next Wednesday to Charles Burnett, a rich broker. It is said that the match was made for her by relatives, and that she consented against her inclination, having a sweetheart in Chicago. The doctors say this is partly responsible for her condition.

Editorial Association Meeting.

The State Editorial Association at a meeting held in Harrisburg last Thursday adopted a resolution asking that the Legislature enact a law requiring newspaper publication of certain laws, especially those relating to the Departments of Health, Dairy and Food, Fish, Game, Factory Inspection and Education, under the direction of the heads of these departments.

The following officers of the association were elected: President, H. A. Thompson of Blair; vice presidents, W. C. Derschuck of Hazelton, Oliver D. Schrock of Hamburg and Crombie Allen of Greensburg; secretary and treasurer, Robert P. Habgood of Bradford (sixth consecutive election); assistant secretary, Miss Anna McGraw of Bradford.

Snow Goods for Sale

at rock bottom prices. One set surrey bob sleds; one set 3-seat bob sleighs; one set Dinkey bobs with pole or shafts; three good 2nd-hand Portland cutters; five new Portland cutters; two handy business cutters.

We want the room these goods occupy and will make very close prices for quick delivery.

A. T. PALMER.

LOST—A gold cuff button marked "W." Finder please leave at this office.

A Victory for Roosevelt.

A dispatch from Washington dated Feb. 1, says: There is to be no investigation of the secret service establishment. The special committee appointed by the House for this purpose to-day secured a discharge from that duty. The reason assigned by the committee for its release from the duty was lack of interest in the House. The House agreed with the committee without dissention.

Back of this reason advanced by Chairman Olmstead of the special committee was the real reason—the country did not want it.

The country is with President Roosevelt and his freedom to use the secret service establishment in any way he sees fit to unearth crime. It makes no difference whether senators or representatives are caught in the net, the people want them exposed when guilty.

This is the burden of telegrams pouring in upon members of Congress. Those who have defended the President in his use of the Secret Service and the restrictive legislation adopted at the last session are inundated with telegrams of congratulation. Townsend is commended for his defense; Tawney is sharply censured by his constituents for his fight against the President.

The civil sundries bill which carries appropriations for the secret service establishment is under consideration by Tawney's committee on appropriations. There is deep interest in the legislation to be recommended by the committee.

A fight on the floor is promised. The committee will recommend, it is said, a continuation of the restrictive legislation complained of by the President. Tawney is exerting his influence with his committee to confirm the limitations and prevent the humiliation of the committee.

To Clear up a Mystery.

Speaker Joe. Cannon has received a letter asking him, in the interest of history, to have passed by Congress, laws granting amnesty to all persons having knowledge of the details of the assassination of President Lincoln, if they shall make public this knowledge with a view of determining whether John Wilkes Booth was killed by the soldiers sent to capture him. The Speaker's letter recites the fact that Booth is alleged to have been shot and his body buried in a barn on the Garrett place, in Virginia, April 26, 1865, 12 days after the shoot of President Lincoln. The historical assertion has been contradicted, but it has been held that Booth escaped and lived for years under an assumed name. It is urged in view of the approaching centenary celebration of the birth of Lincoln to have this matter placed beyond all controversy. The writer of the letter holds that if amnesty is assured, there may be persons living who could come forward and give testimony.

The above, from Washington, is of special interest and should be given some attention. The United States Secret Service records show that Booth was killed and that his body was secretly and mysteriously disposed of. But there has always been more or less doubt about it. There has never been a good reason given why the detectives should have thrown mystery about the disposition of Booth's remains. When Czolgosz was put to death there was no secret about the speedy burial of the body, in quick time. In the case of Booth there was no occasion for the secrecy which was maintained.—Era.

Tax Automobiles.

The proposition to put a state tax on coal raised a storm of protest from the press of almost the entire state, on the plea that it would be a tax on one of the necessities as the consumer would in all probability have to bear the burden of the tax.

The point is well taken, and reviews the vital principal that the burden of taxes should be borne by the rich and not by the poor. This is a correct principle, humane and reasonable. Then why not tax those things that only the rich can have, such as diamonds, automobiles and yachts?

Take for example, automobiles. They are a luxury enjoyed by those best able to bear the burden of taxation. Why tax the poor man's $30 cow and exempt the $5000 auto? Why tax the poor man's horse that carts his truck to the market and let the glittering car of the millionaire escape its share of contribution to good roads.

An auto license costs $3, the only tax the rich man's luxury bears, six tenths of a mill on a $5000 car, while the horse of the grocer, the farmer or the milkman pays 8 per cent. or fifty times as much.

If we are going to stand between the poor and burdensome taxation, let us accept and put into practice the corollary of that principle and raise State revenues by taxing the luxuries of the rich.—Potter Journal.

Fall Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

16tf MRS. CARRIE CRANE.

Subscribe for the MINER.

An Old County Record.

The first record kept in the Tioga county commissioners' office was in 1808, soon after the county was organized. The commissioners met at the "log meeting house in Wellsboro" on the 20th day of October, 1808, and it was resolved that future meetings of the board be held at the same place. The total estimated expense of running the county at that time was $1,772, and the commissioners thought it necessary to levy a tax of three-fourths of a cent on the dollar in order to raise that amount.

In February, 1812, the first printed orders were issued. There was about that time an agreement made with Aaron Bloss for the opening of the Williamson road to Peter's Camp (Blossburg). It appears that the tax collectors were handled without gloves in those days, for in August, 1812, the attorneys for the county had instructions from the commissioners to issue executions against all delinquents.

In November, 1812, the commissioners were preparing to erect a jail which it was estimated would cost $400. It was to be built of logs. In 1813 an agreement was made with David Henry to do the work of underpinning the new jail on the following terms; "He, Henry, to have a dollar per day for his own work, his provisions found him, and he to be furnished with a half a pint of whisky per day. He to have half a dollar per day for the use of his oxen, and their feed is to be found by the Commissioners." At the date of October 11, 1813, the following interesting entry is made: "It being represented to the Commissioners by John Norris and Ebenezer Hill that the work of building the court house and jail must have stopped directly after our last meeting had they not borrowed a certain quantity of shingle nails of David Henry and become bound to said David to return the nails in five weeks from that time or pay him half a dollar a pound for them in cash. The Commissioners, having taken the same into consideration, and believing that Norris and Hill had no other view in procuring the nails but to forward the work, do hereby resolve to relieve them from the penalty of the agreement, and subject the county to any and every expense or loss that they may suffer on this account."

At a meeting Oct. 25, 1815, Justus Hartt was instructed to hire some person to take the job of clearing the stumps from Main street and the Public Square at Wellsboro.

The minutes were not kept as fully as they are to-day. No doubt many interesting details were omitted. This first volume of the record contains very meager entries of the business these days and it ends August 9, 1815. It is a remarkable fact that this old book was in individual hands for seventy years before it was deposited among the records of the county.—Wellsboro Agitator.

Bradford Theatre Attractions.

The Bradford Theatre has some excellent attractions in store for its patrons next week, in fact there will be four unusually good things there next week which should attract large audiances from all parts of the county.

On Tuesday evening May Robson will appear in "The Rejuvination of Aunt Mary;" Wednesday evening Viola Allen in "The White Sister;" Thursday evening Lew Fields in "The Girl Behind the Counter," a play which is having a big run in Buffalo this week; Friday evening Hilda Spong in "A Man and His Mate." Miss Spong is an English actress who had a big run in New York.

The character portrayed by Miss Allen in "The White Sister" is that of a Dominican nun, who finds herself face to face with a problem of human interest, from which she emerges in triumph, both for herself and the order to which she belongs. Miss Allen is rarely seen in one night stands and this is her first visit to Bradford. Lovers of the theatre in this vicinity should not miss this opportunity of seeing her in this new and splendid production.

Hunts Rabbits with a Cat.

State Game Inspector George Nobles of Wellsville visited Greenwood last week and reports that he found the game laws being complied with by the local hunters. He found a knotty problem at Fulmer Valley a few miles from there where he detected a young lad hunting rabbits with a cat which the youngster had trained to take the place of a ferret. As the law prohibits the use of the latter but says nothing about the former, he was obliged to let the lad continue his extraordinary method of hunting, at least until a ruling can be obtained from the forest, fish and game commission.—Cuba Free Press.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Jan. 30, 1909:

Dipolippe Giovanni, Mrs. D. S. Rhea, Bruce Shepards.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

The Proposed New Game Laws.

The Pennsylvania game commission in its annual report just out recommends one open season for taking all kinds of game in this State, except wild water fowls and shore birds and names November 1st as the date for the opening of that season and declares that it should close not later than Dec. 15.

"In a majority of cases," says the report, "we feel that an open season covering the month of November is sufficient. Through this shortening of the season we believe our game will increase in sections where at present such is found at all. We recommend the passage of a law of this character."

This will be good news to sportsmen generally, who last year were made to to realize the misfortune of opening the shooting season too early in the fall and also of having different seasons for taking various kinds of game found in the same territory.

The proposed bill urged by Lycoming county sportsmen, prohibiting the use of dogs while hunting, will hardly prevail during the present session of the Legislature, although an effort to have such a provision inserted in the new game bill has been made.

Owing to the abuses growing out of the hunting of deer with dogs such sport was prohibited by law and an effort was made to extend it so that the use of dogs in hunting birds be stopped. However bird dogs are so generally need and recognized as useful that the game commission declined to insert such provisions in the bill.

If the recommendations of the game commission are followed out the season for all small game will open on November 1st.

J. C. Rockwell's Sunny South Co.

When J. C. Rockwell's New Sunny South company appears in the Smethport Lyceum, Monday evening, February 8th, our citizens will have an opportunity of judging for themselves just what a first-class colored organization really is. This company is a colored one throughout, being composed of 25 colored people, picked from the cream of the profession and some of the best known colored performers in America will be found on the salary list. It is recognized from coast to coast as one of the strongest, brightest and most complete, also as one of the most pleasing attractions on the road.

Comedy is all that is aimed at and nothing else is reached, but some clever singing and dancing specialties, also one or two thrilling vaudeville headliners, which will make the audience sit up, look and listen. There is plenty of fun in the performance, in fact it is made for laughing purposes only as it is generally conceded to be the funniest show since time began. There is snap and ginger from beginning to end and there is a wide range in the various offerings. There is something going on all the time the curtain is up and the performance is full of bright and catchy music, laughable situations, witty sayings and excellent specialties. It is presented by negroes of the cultured and educated class, giving a pleasing performance throughout, free from vulgarity, without any objectionable features, it the same time sparkling with wit and good humor.

The organization is accompanied by a high-class solo concert band and a superb orchestra. The band will head the Koontown parade, which takes place at noon.

Child's Condition is Serious.

The Potter Democrat says: The condition of little seven-year-old Irene Marvin, an account of whose terrible beatings was given in the Democrat last week, is much worse than was reported. The Democrat has been informed by a man who saw the little one Friday, that across her back there are places where the lash of the whip used made openings and one of these he says was eight inches in length. A photo of the child's body was taken and this will probably be used at the trial which will be held at the March term of court. This shows there is a net work of cuts in her back. Her nose has the appearance of having been broken and two of her front teeth are missing. It is thought these injuries were caused by the child falling on a stove.

James Elliott, who is an uncle of the child, her mother who died about a year and a half ago, having been his sister, went to Honeoye Friday, accompanied by his wife, to see the child, and he states that no one could realize her condition without having seen her.

This is just the time of year when you are most likely to have kidney or bladder trouble, with rheumatism and rheumatic pains caused by weak kidneys. Delays are dangerous. Get DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills, and be sure you get what you ask for. They are the best pills made for backache, weak back urinary disorders, inflamation of the bladder, etc. They are antiseptic and act promptly. We sell and recommend them. H. C. Wells, Smethport, and F. H. Rood, Clermont.

Horses for Sale.

10 horses for sale drivers and workers. Inquire of J. T. Edwards at the fair grounds or of A. T. Palmer at Palmer's Livery, 201 Water street, Smethport.

Gordon's Last Chance.

By TAYLOR WHITE.

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"Jimmie, do you speak slang?" demanded Maud Tolliver suddenly as her small brother came into the room.

"Do I walk on my feet?" demanded Jimmie in surprise. "Pipe your lay, angel face. I'll get you somehow, even if your speaks are all to the muddle. Throw it off your chest."

"It's this way," explained Maud. "You know Mr. Gordon?"

"I've seen him once or twice," admitted Jimmie, with a grin. Gordon was a regular visitor at the Tolliver home.

"Papa wants me to marry him," explained Maud. "He's so strict and proper that I hate him. I thought that if I were to talk slang and act up perhaps he would leave me in peace. He hates a slangy girl. He said so last night."

Jimmie grinned appreciatively. He had no great liking for the eminently staid and correct Gordon. He hated men whose suits always looked as though it was the first time they had been worn.

His own preference was for Barry Spaulding, who occasionally offered him a cigarette and who talked to him precisely as though he was a grownup.

Gordon never seemed to see him, never laughed and joked, and Jimmie entered into the conspiracy with his whole heart after being assured that Maud would never disclose the source of her education in slang.

Before the week was out Gordon looked troubled. He was very much in love with Maud after his own fashion. There was no want of real affection, but Gordon was no gallant wooer. He had been accepted by the family, and in his quiet, patient fashion he was laying siege to Maud's heart.

He had fancied he had been making headway until she developed a trick of interlarding her speech with slang expressions.

At first he was shocked, but as Maud acquired proficiency and grew more and more slangy Gordon withdrew from his companion. Though he loved the girl as much as ever, he assured himself that a wife who used slang was utterly impossible.

In secret Maud pondered over the fact, but bore herself doubtfully when her father sharply questioned her concerning her treatment of Gordon, for the latter's visits had fallen off, though Gordon had pleaded business as an excuse. Mr. Tolliver had an idea that there was something else that might explain the lover's sudden lack of interest.

Then fate took a hand, and so it happened that Jimmie Tolliver, crossing the avenue, slipped on the muddy paving and fell directly in front of a rapidly advancing automobile.

There was a cry of horror from the spectators, but one man sprang forward and with an easy movement grasped the boy's arm and carried him to safety.

For a moment Jimmie was too dazed to comprehend; then he slowly came to realize that Gordon, unmoved as ever, stood beside him, answering the questions of the crowd, but refusing to give his name.

"All right, old man?" he asked as he saw that Jimmie was pulling himself together. "Suppose we move on. This crowd is a little too eager."

He signaled a passing taxicab and directed the driver to go to a tailor's where Jimmie's muddied garments might be made presentable. The rush of cold air drove the last of the cobwebs from Jimmie's brain, and, gazing admiringly at Gordon, he decided that Maud was wrong in her estimate of the man. There was fire under the ice, red blood beneath the waxenly immaculate expression, and Jimmie's heart warmed to his rescuer.

"Say, Bo," he demanded suddenly, "are you still dead nuts on Maud?"

"I esteem your sister very highly," admitted Gordon.

"You're all right," declared Jimmie admiringly. "If you want to win cast your port ear over this way and make a noise like a listen."

The noise of a listener was continued long after the visit to the tailor's was concluded. Gordon's face was as expressionless as ever, but there was a twinkle in his eye.

Some evenings later Maud, coming downstairs, reached the lower hall just as Gordon was admitted by the butler. Jimmie had been cautioned under pain of losing his promised reward to say nothing of his rescue, so it was merely "that tiresome Kenneth Gordon" whom Maud greeted with perfunctory cordiality.

"I butted in to tear off a piece of talk with the boss bloomer wearer. Is he in?" asked Gordon.

"If you mean my father"— began Maud icily.

"That's the guy," interrupted Gordon. "Will you tell the delegate from the wax works to ask him to grease his heels and slide down here?"

"I will, go myself," offered Maud hurriedly. Gordon was as coldly correct in appearance as ever, but perhaps he was drunk.

"Nix on the scamper," declared Gordon, raising a detaining hand. "Use the butler for the wireless, and we'll call on some conversation while he makes a home run."

"I must go," explained Maud. "I forgot something upstairs, and I must see about it at once."

"Tell it to Wall," commanded Gordon. "I'm the head of the procession just now. Don't you bother about the water carriers."

"But"— began Maud. And Gordon interrupted again.

"Don't be a goat and butt in," he urged. "Hit the plush."

He pointed to a chair, and timidly Maud seated herself. As she had left the way into the parlor the butler had disappeared, supposing that he would not be required further. To ring for him now would only make a scandal among the servants. Perhaps her father would come down in a few minutes.

He usually spent the evening in the library when he did not go to the club, and in either event he must pass the open door. If the worst came she could call for the butler, but meanwhile perhaps she could induce Gordon to leave quietly. She took the chair indicated, sitting nervously on the edge, ready to spring up and run should occasion demand.

"It doesn't cost any more to have a whole chair," reminded Gordon as he sank into a seat between her and the door. "I want you to put me wise to some things. What's your grouch against me?"

"I have no grouch," protested Maud eagerly. "Indeed, I like you very much."

"I never pay you on the front steps waiting for me," said Gordon grimly. "Let it come out with a jar if I'm in wrong. How can I square myself?"

"There is nothing to be squared," insisted Maud. "I don't see how you can imagine such a thing."

"Naughty, naughty," reproved Gordon, shaking his forefinger at her admonishingly. "Look here, kiddo, put me next. You don't like me, and I like you. I can't help it if I've got a frozen face. It was wished on me, and it's none of my doings. Tell me how I can loosen up so you'll have a Mu for me."

"A what?" repeated Maud uncertainly. This was a word not in Jimmie's vocabulary.

"A yin—a yearning," explained Gordon. "I want you to think that I'm the whole works, and you won't even let me be the second hand. Fix me up so I can come into the big tent and be a part of the program. I'm the 'what is it' but in the freak tent, and I don't like the job. I may not be quite your style, but I can learn. I'm the star pupil in the little red schoolhouse, and I'll always be at the head of the class if you'll be the teacher. I love to love my teacher."

Maud sprang to her feet, her eyes blazing.

"Mr. Gordon," she said coldly, "I will not prolong this interview. I do not know what is the matter. I do not want to know, but you must go, please. I cannot listen to you when you talk this way."

Gordon had sprung to his feet when Maud rose, and now he smiled down into the flushed, angry face.

"It seems," he said a little sadly, "that my latest effort is no more successful than the earlier attempts. They say that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, and yet you are not pleased."

"What do you mean?" gasped Maud in astonishment.

"You learned slang for my benefit," he reminded. "When I do the same thing you object. Of course my slang is more pronounced than your own, but then you have only Jimmie, while I have the valuable assistance of several elevator boys, my office boy and the janitor's son, who qualifies as an expert. You use slang to disgust me with yourself. I am using it to disgust you—with slang."

"And you know?" gasped Maud. "Jimmie has told?"

"Be it said to his credit that the temptation was great," said Gordon gently. "Do not blame the lad. He meant well in giving me my last chance to win you. He saw beneath the surface and was sorry for his part. I foolishly imagined that if I could excel you in the use of slang I might startle you into an interest that I see now you never can feel. It was a foolish experiment, Miss Tolliver, and I ask your pardon for having bored and then frightened you. It was my last chance, and I hoped that it might succeed."

"I gather from Jimmie's remarks that you fear paternal pressure will be brought to bear on you. I beg to assure you that I will so contrive the situation as not to involve you. I am sorry that the last chance failed."

The little pauses in his speech were Gordon's only evidences of emotion. They were only little lulls in the evenness of his soft, even voice, but they showed the strength of feeling, and it touched Maud with a sudden emotion.

"Don't go," she said softly, laying a detaining hand upon his arm. "Perhaps the last chance has not—I mean"— But she could say no more. Gordon's arms were outstretched, and in his face, no longer expressionless, there was a look of such appeal that she suffered herself to be drawn within their protecting circle. The last chance had won.

Accounts For It.

Belle—I don't like that man you introduced to me yesterday. He has such a flyaway manner.

Nell—He can't help that. His business is making balloon ascensions.—Baltimore American.

Like the Smoke.

Gunner—He had a fancy cigarette named after him.

Guyer—And how did he stand the fame?

Gunner—Oh, he is all puffed up!—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Abstract ideas and great conceit are over on the road to produce terrible catastrophes.—Goethe.

The Money Germ.

The Baltimore Sun comes out with a warning that probably few will heed. It says: "Don't let the money germs bite you," and adds that a man who has taken the trouble to count 'em says that 124,000 bacteria roost comfortably on each one dollar bill after the currency has been circulating freely for a year or so." So if you have $50 in your pocket you are probably carrying around about 6,200,000 germs. "Yet," says the Sun, "there are men brave enough to face this terrible risk just for the sake of having a roll of greenbacks. It simply shows what dangers men will undergo for money. Most of us, however, are not in serious danger."

At His Expense.

She—Jack told me that that hospital was built entirely at his expense. Is it possible? He—Well, Jack's uncle cut him off with a hundred dollars and left the rest of his money to build the hospital.

Truthful.

"I hadn't been talking with him three minutes before he called me an ass. What sort of a person is he?"

"Well, I never knew him to tell a lie."

THE RULE OF THREE.

A Superstition of the Men Who Build the Skyscrapers.

These airy crews are a generous crowd, says Ernest Poole, writing in Everybody's Magazine of men, who work on skyscrapers. They earn high pay. When working full time they make $27 a week, and, like their rough brothers out on the plains, they are quick to give of their earnings. On Saturday afternoons when they line up at the pay window the Sisters of Charity are always there, and quarters and dimes jingle merrily into their little tin boxes.

Behind this generous giving is a superstitious belief that amid risks like these it is well to propitiate fate all you can, for fate is a relentless old machine, and when once its wheels begin grinding no power on earth can stop them. The "rule of three" is centuries old. You may hear of it out on the ocean, in the steel mills, in the railroad camps and down in the mines. And you find it up here on the jobs in the skies.

"Believe it?" said an old foreman. "You bet they believe it."

"Do you?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "all I can say is this: It may be a spell or it may be because the way of the whole crew is expecting it. But anyhow, when two accidents come close together you can be sure that the third ain't very far off."

Cold Storage Rats.

The attendant came out of the cold storage room with an awed look.

"Rats are wonderful," he said. "We thought modern plumbing would abolish them, but they live in the clean light and dryness of the best modern plumbing more comfortably than they did in the damp and filth and darkness of the past. We thought the modern ship would abolish them, but the Lusitania has as many rats as had the Columbus caravels. And here"—

He made an awed gesture.

"And here I find rats in our cold storage rooms at temperatures that freeze the breath and cause it to fall in the form of snow. To and fro they prowl, their coats are thick and warm like fur, and, with frost on their whiskers, they feed heartily on meat and grow fresh to look like business."—Exchange.

Fire Terms in Japan.

Fires in Japan are so common that this destructive agency has established itself as a national institution, and a whole vocabulary has grown up to express every shade of meaning in matters fiery. The Japanese language has special terms for an incendiary fire, an accidental fire, fires starting from one's own house, a fire caught from next door, a fire which one shares with others, a fire which is burning to an end, the flame of a fire, anything for instance, a brazier, from which a fire may arise; the side from which to attack a fire in order to extinguish it; a visit of condolence after a fire.

More Wheat to Come.

A Chinese doctor, as a punishment for causing his patient's death, had to pay ten loads of wheat. While carrying the grain he was met by a man who asked him to come and treat a sick member of his family. "All right," said the doctor. "I will be there shortly, but in the meantime you may tie getting your barn cleaned out."—Scrap Book.

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The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 4, 1909.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—See "Ma's New Husband" to-night.

—J. W. Fairchild, editor of the Portville, N. Y., Review, died suddenly a few days ago from heart trouble. He was aged 26 years and is survived by a daughter 3 years of age, his mother and four brothers and three sisters.

—The Walter Utter estate farm of 159 acres, located two miles west of Friendship, N. Y., was sold on Tuesday through the Herrick Agency of Bolivar to Manzo Lauthere of Little Genesee, who will take possession on March 1. The trade included 14 cows and fodder.

—Some women are such bargain hunters that they would run around for cut rates for a surgical operation.—Mansfield Advertiser. That's all right neighbor unless they get to the point where they will undergo a needless operation just because they can get it at bargain prices.

—John Billiski, a well-known citizen of Athol, Mass., has instituted divorce proceedings against his wife Josie, who, he avers, has subjected him to such humiliations as tying him to a bedpost and whipping him, confining him in a dark coal bin for hours at a time and, most unbearable of all, literally putting him to bed without his supper. Billiski weighs 95 pounds and Mrs. Billiski about 200 pounds.

—While some children at Austin were playing burglar last Thursday, one of the little girls by the name of Swanson, 11 years old, picked up a revolver that was lying on a table and pointing it at an 8-year-old play-mate by the name of Hedberger, pulled the trigger. It was loaded and the bullet penetrated the girl's head. She was taken to the hospital and is still alive, with hopes of recovery.—Potter Journal.

—A snake more than a foot long was killed by boys attending the Central school on Tuesday. The reptile was making its way over the snow when seen by the boys and is supposed to have been in the school house since winter set in. There have been numerous instances of late where live snakes have been found making their way over the snow and the causes that have led to their making their appearance at this unfavorable season of the year is puzzling local naturalists.—Kane Republican.

—Rev. J. Walter Sherer of Wellsboro killed a 300-pound bear near that place a few days ago.

—The Dolan & Chaffee meat market in Bolivar was sold on Friday through the Herrick Agency to A. J. Reed of Bolivar and Claude Runyon of Harrison Station, N. Y.

—It rained snakes in San Francisco last Thursday. A dispatch says it was thought first that they were worms or fish, but an inspection proved that they were really snakes measuring from 3 to 7 inches in length and averaging a quarter of an inch in diameter.

—Owing to some mixup in preparing the primary ballots for Keating township, it was not generally understood that a justice of the peace was to be elected in that district and therefore the nominees did not appear in our last issue. P. D. Ostrander is the Republican nominee and L. A. Burdick the Democratic aspirant.

—John T. Kane, cashier of the defunct Renovo bank, who was charged with embezzling of depositors' funds, was tried before Judge Hall at Lock Haven last week. The jury, after deliberating thirty minutes, found the defendant guilty as indicted, and on Thursday Judge Hall sentenced him to pay a fine of $500, cost of prosecution and undergo imprisonment in the county jail for eighteen months.

—Thieves broke into the slaughter house of W. T. Schanbacher in Wellsboro, on Thursday night, last, and took everything that appealed to them. They first drove in a good sized porker from the pen, and with an ax, killed it. They then removed the hind quarters, but kindly left the remainder. When the thieves departed they also took the brass fixtures from the scales and some articles of clothing.—Mansfield Advertiser.

—Orrin O. Herrick, for a number of years foreman of The Breeze office, on Saturday purchased a one-half interest in the Daily and Weekly Argus printing business in Robison, Ill. Mr. Herrick will have charge of the mechanical department of the business and aid in the advertising department. The Argus is the only daily newspaper in Robison and the Weekly Argus is 42 years old, a county seat Republican paper, with a nice line of offical printing and advertising. Mr. Herrick is an expert printer, has had some experience as a newspaper publisher and is to be congratulated on *securing a substantial interest in a live* newspaper in a live town like Robison which has some 6,000 population. Mrs. Herrick will join him in Robison very soon.—Bolivar Breeze.

THE RIVER NILE.

Ancient Greeks and the Process of Sterilizing Water.

The ancient Greeks already recommended the use of sterilized water. Ruffus of Ephesus, in the first century of this era, taught that "all water from rivers and ponds is bad except that from the Nile. Water from rivers which flow through unhealthy soil, stagnant water and that which flows near public bathing places is harmful. The best water is that which has been boiled in baked earthenware vessels, cooled and then heated a second time before drinking."

This hygienic prescription was intended both for healthy and sick people, since it was applied to the armies:

"During marches and in camps pits must be dug successively from the highest point to the lowest level of the place. These holes should be lined with clay such as is used for making pottery and the water should be made to percolate through it. The water will leave all its impurities in these pits."

It may be inquired how the ancient Greeks, knowing the processes of sterilization and filtration of water which they applied to that of the most limpid rivers, should have drunk without precautions the water of the Nile, which our microscopes allow us to declare "sound," but which is in appearance the most worthy of suspicion of all and is so muddy, so yellow, that it resembles wine.—Gazette des Eaux.

THE BASILISK.

How the Fabulous Monster Was Pictured by Ancient Writers.

The basilisk was the most famous of the many fabulous monsters of mediæval folklore. According to the popular notion, it was hatched by a toad from an egg laid by the cock of the common barnyard fowl. In the ancient picture books it was usually represented as an eight limbed serpent or dragon, sometimes with and sometimes without wings. Its name is derived from basiliscus, meaning a little king, and was applied because the creature was figured with a circle of white spots on its head which much resembled a crown. The cockatrice, a species of basilisk, besides having a crown, possessed a comb which was an exact counterpart of the cock's.

Pliny assures us that the basilisk had a voice which "struck terror to the hearts of men, beasts and serpents." The Bible classes it with the lion, the serpent and the dragon as one of the most formidable creatures. Old writers—Pliny, Buschio and others—say that its bite was mortal in every case, that its breath was suffocating and that no plant would grow in the vicinity of its lair. Its dead body was often suspended in churches to prevent swallows from building there.

Disease Scents.

"Every disease almost has its peculiar odor," said a doctor. "This aids me greatly in diagnosis.

"Gout imparts to the skin a smell precisely like whey. Diabetes causes a sweet, honey-like smell. Jaundice occasions a smell of musk. Smallpox has a very strong and hideous smell. It is like burning bones. Measles has a smell as of fresh plucked feathers.

"The fevers have the most disthuctive odors. The odor of typhus is ammoniacal; that of intermittent is like fresh brown bread hot from the oven; that of typhus is musty, recalling to the mind old, damp cellars; that of yellow fever is like the washings of a dirty gun barrel.

"So, you see, to speak of a doctor scenting our disease is not to use a mere figure of speech."

A Surprise For the Thief.

Herr Hager, a rich and influential banker, frequently had watches picked from his pocket. At first he had recourse to all kinds of safety chains; then one morning he took no precaution whatever and quietly allowed himself to be robbed. At night, on returning from his business, he took up the evening paper; he uttered an exclamation of delight. A watch had exploded in a man's hands. The victim's hands were shattered and the left eye destroyed. The crafty banker had filled the watch case with dynamite, which exploded in the operation of winding.—London Telegraph.

A Difficult Task.

One of the greatest puzzles, said a member of parliament, is how to concede the most worthy and honorable intentions to an opponent, how to profess an unswerving and unfading belief in his uncompromising veracity and bona fides and at the same time to convey a distinct conviction that he is an impostor and a humbug of the first water and an accomplished Ananias carrying a welter of thirteen stone seven pounds in the mendacity handicap.—London Opinion.

The Other Way.

"I heard that Ranter broke down in the middle of his speech the other night," said the man who was kept at home by illness.

"Not exactly," replied the man who was there. "The meeting broke up right in the middle of his speech!"

Needed a Starter.

One night little Margaret, on kneeling by her mamma to say her prayers, finished, "Now I lay me," and forgot. "Mamma," she said, "you just start me, and then I can go a-whizzing."—Delineator.

Qualified.

Caller—Is the lady of the house in? Waitress (who has been given notice)—She's in, but she's no lady!—Life.

The world is upheld by the veracity of good men.—Emerson.

EMIL THAMM,

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A REAPER RACE.

The Feat That Made William N Whiteley Famous.

In the early days of the exploitation of various reaping machines a field demonstration, usually competitive, was a necessary occurrence. H. N. Casson in "The Romance of the Reaper" tells the following story of William N. Whiteley, "the Charlemagne of the harvest field:"

He was as tall as a sapling and as strong as a tree. As a professor in the great school of agriculture he has not been surpassed. He could outtalk, outwork and generally outwit the men who were sent against him. He was a whole exhibition in himself.

"I've seen Bill Whiteley racing his horses through the grain and leaning over with his long arms to pick the mice's nests from just in front of the knife," said an old Ohio settler.

The feat that first made Whiteley famous was performed at Jamestown, O., in 1867. His competitor was doing as good work as he was, whereupon he sprang from his seat, unhitched one horse and finished his course with a single surprised steed pulling the heavy machine.

His competitor followed suit and succeeded fully as well.

This enraged Whiteley, who at that time was as powerful as a young Hercules.

"I can pull that reaper myself!" he shouted, turning his second horse loose and yoking his big shoulders into the harness.

Such a thing had never been done before and has never been done since, but it is true that in the passion of the moment Whiteley was filled with such strength that he ran the reaper from one side of the field to the other, cutting a full swath, a deed that, had he done it in ancient Greece, would have placed him among the immortals.

That ten minutes in a horse collar made $2,000,000 for Whiteley. His antagonist, Benjamin H. Warder, was filled with admiration for Whiteley's prowess and at once proposed that they should quit fighting and work in harmony.

"Give me the right to make your reaper, and I'll pay you $5 apiece for all I can sell," said Warder.

"It's a bargain," responded Whiteley. And so there arose the first consolidation in the harvester business.

TUMULT IN THE SEA.

Terrific Force of a Marine Upheaval Off Cape Horn.

A sailing ship rounding Cape Horn was caught in a dead calm, something almost unprecedented in that stormy latitude. The sky was filmed with a light haze, and the sea was but and lead colored. About 10 o'clock on the morning of the second day the ship began to shake violently. The masts whipped and bent like fish poles, and everything movable above and below came down with a clatter. It was like striking a rock, only the shock was less pronounced at first, but increased in violence during the thirty seconds it lasted. The sea heaved in oily swells with a strange, hoarse murmur, and it continued to be agitated after the tremors ceased.

Half an hour later fish by the thousands began to rise to the surface until it was covered with them. Forty-seven whales were counted, many cowfish fully eight feet across, sharks without number and seals by the hundreds. They were evidently stunned with the force of some terrific marine upheaval, and when struck with a pole by one of the sailors showed only faint signs of life. In twenty minutes after the first fish arose to the surface they began to drop out of sight like pieces of lead. Whether they were stunned and, on recovering, immediately dived beneath the waves in a panic, seeking safety in the depths, or whether they died from the shock and, instead of floating as dead fish do, were drawn under by some submarine whirlpool, were scientific questions too deep for the skipper, but half a dozen of the smaller fish hauled aboard by the cook for dinner were quite dead when examined. The calm continued twenty-four hours longer before the ocean resumed its usual aspect and a wind from the southeast permitted the ship to continue its course.—New York Press.

Behind the Times.

Four artillerymen were looking around the picture gallery in the Metropolitan museum the other day, but they did not seem particularly interested. When they got to Meissonier's "Friedland—1807" two of them, one a sergeant, paused for a second look. The sergeant went close to the canvas and gazed intently at the Old Guard in the background.

"Those guys are carrying old fashioned Springfield rifles," was the only comment he made.—New York Sun.

The Boiler's Reasons.

Mother—Don't tease me, Johnnie. Can't you see I'm in a lot of trouble? The boiler has sprung a leak. Johnnie—What makes it leak? Mother—Because it's my day at home, your father has asked two men to dinner, the cook has left, and the butcher hasn't come with the meat. Now run and play.—Brooklyn Life.

A Big Difference.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—See how nicely that team of horses go along. Why can't man and wife trot along pleasantly together like that? Mr. Crimsonbeak—Well, you see, there is only one tongue between those two horses.—Yonkers Statesman.

Fundamentally there is no such thing as private action. All actions are public in themselves or in their consequences.—Bovee.

Extravagant.

Stranger (in Drearyhurst)—Is there a place here where I can get a square meal? Uncle Welby Gosh—Yes, sir. There's a restur'nt round the cawner where you can git the best meal this side o' Chicago if you don't mind its bein' a leetle expensive. They'll sock you for 35 cents, but, by gum, it's worth it!—Chicago Tribune.

BUYING CHAIRS BY SIGHT.

Few Folks Ever Think to Try Them by Sitting In Them.

"I went with some folks the other day," the man said, "to buy a couple of chairs. We went to a furniture store and looked over what they had to offer.

"There were just ordinary chairs for a bedroom, so that it wasn't a very momentous purchase. The folks I was with looked at the cloth on the chairs and asked questions about the wood and how the chairs would wear. Then they bought the chairs and ordered them sent home.

"What struck me as peculiar about the transaction was that never once did either of the two persons with whom I was think of sitting down in the chairs to see whether or not they were comfortable. I dropped into a furniture store not long afterward and asked a salesman about it, and I wasn't surprised to learn that very few persons buying chairs ever seem to think about testing them by sitting in them.

"Except in the case of rockers, that is. Few persons can resist the temptation to take a few preliminary rocks in a prospective purchase."—New York Sun.

Learned by Experience.

"I always make it a point," said the man with a wart on his nose, a couple of cross eyes and a hair lip, but otherwise possessing a perfectly good face, "to say polite and complimentary things to the ladies. It does me no harm, and I notice it always gives them a lot of pleasure. My motto is to scatter sunshine provided it costs no money as I journey along."

"I used to do that, too," said the man whose set of neglected whiskers were calling plaintively for the lawn mower, "but I have been broken of the habit. No more sunshine radiating from these quarters."

"And what cured you?" asked the other.

"A couple of breach of promise suits."

Yes, It Was True.

"Is it true that you threw something at Mike that caused the swelling over his eye?" the squire inquired of a little woman.

"Yis, sor, I did," said the woman, catching her breath, "but I niver mint to hurt him, an' well he knows it. We'd just come home from me cousin's weddin', an' I was feelin' kinder soft to Mike, an' I up an' axed him if he loved me as much as he did the day we was married, an'—an', yer honer, he was so slow answerin' me that I up wid the mop an' flung it at him! If we poor women don't have love our hearts jist breaks inside av us!"

Origin of Geography.

The Phœnicians were the first people to communicate to other nations a knowledge of distant lands. It is now known that before the time of Homer that enterprising people had passed beyond the limit of the Mediterranean into the great western ocean, and it was by their sailors that the first rough charts of the world as then known were made. But geography as a science originated among the Greeks, its real father being Herodotus of Halicarnassus, about B. C. 484.

No Encouragement.

Mrs. Short—Oh, dear, I do wish we were rich! Just think of the good we could do if we only had lots of money! Mr. Short—True, my dear, but we can do a great deal of good in a quiet way now. Mrs. Short—Yes, of course, but no one will ever hear of it.

His Excuse.

Diggs—You believe that whisky is good for a cold, don't you? Swiggs—Yes, but how did you know? Diggs—Oh, I've noticed that you nearly always have a cold.—Chicago News.

Repetition.

Husband (entering house with bag of chestnuts)—I brought home some more chestnuts, dear. Wife (wearily, without glancing up)—I'm listening.—Judge.

PROSPERITY!

The Man who looks ahead.

No man ever saw prosperity ahead of him except through a bank account.

The man who succeeds is the man who looks ahead and plans for the future. He realizes that money is absolutely essential if he intends to be of use in the world. A small sum will open a bank account. A bank account establishes credit. Good credit opens the way to all things prosperous. Open an account with the Grange National Bank to-day and lay the foundation for a fortune.

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New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes.

Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent,

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's Fine TOBACCO FRUIT NUTS and CONFECTIONERY.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $10a—per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday Feb. 4, 1909.

We now have another national holiday. February 12th, Lincoln day, will hereafter be a national holiday the same as Washington's birthday, Labor day, July 4th and Thanksgiving.

When it comes to a revision of the tariff on crude oil, and free trade is suggested, it will be found that all oil producers, regardless of political affiliations are standpatters: they want congress to let well enough alone.—Bolivar Breeze.

Townships throughout the State are in favor of the cash road tax system. Farmers and those who are benefitted by good roads are beginning to realize that the old system of working out the tax is a farce, and ought to have been abandoned long ago.

MR. MCKEAN'S bill to provide for the erection of a statue of Governor McKean, "at or near Bradford," is in the hands of a house committee. Does "at or near Bradford" mean Smethport?—Bradford Record. Don't worry neighbor. You can have it if the appropriation is made.

It is alleged that Fritz Struenbach, a naturalized American citizen and a member of the United States army, who was in Russia on a furlough, has been tried before a drumhead court martial, on a charge of being connected with a revolutionary plot, and shot. An investigation has been asked for by his brothers and if such are the facts there may be something doing between Russia and U. S.

Some of the newspapers of this county, the MINER among them, did not give Mr. McKean proper credit for the Legislative committees he is on this session. Although he was not treated as well as he should have been inasmuch as he was not placed on the most important committees, he is a member of five committees as follows: Accounts, Agriculture, Bureau of Statistics, Counties and Townships, and Labor and Industry.

SOUTH CAROLINA has been very slow about sending in a report of the vote for Bryan, of its electoral college. Whereupon a Washington correspondent makes this comment: "There is an unconfirmed rumor that South Carolina may not send in her count at all; that since Taft 'honored the State by his visit, demanding that the battleships be sent to Charleston, even after the naval board has deemed it unsafe for them to attempt to cross the bar, attending banquets and shaking hands with everybody in reach, that the State feels ashamed that it did not go for Taft last November. There is no law compelling a State to vote in the electoral college. Hence if South Carolina permitted itself to forget about the Bryan vote there would follow no legal prosecution by the federal government.

CUBA was made free last Thursday, Jan. 28, 1909, when Jose Miguel Gomez took the oath of office as President of that new Republic at noon. Word of the taking of the oath of office by President Gomez was sent to the American battleships Maine and Massachusetts lying in the harbor as representatives of the United States government. Immediately the shores of the harbor began to echo with the reports of a presidential salute fired in honor of the new president by the two vessels. The beginning of the guns was greeted with applause by the crowds of Cubans, who hailed it as the sealing of the official recognition by the United States of the new government. The second American occupation of Cuba by the United States began in September, 1906, when the resignation of President Tomas Estrada Palma, since deceased, was followed by a short period of disorder in the island. Under the Platt amendment the United States intervened and established a provisional government in the island with William H. Taft as provisional governor. Judge Taft was succeeded in October, 1906, by Charles E. Magoon.

Washington Letter.

The prominence accorded by the press to the resignation of Secretary Root and the discussion of the subject by public men and journalists is merely expressive of the great influence he has had on public affairs during his ten years' residence in Washington. That he will continue to influence public affairs from a different but no less important standpoint is matter of gratulation to the country at large. It has been long insisted since the greatest state of the Union has had an equally great representative on the floor of the Senate. But Elihu Root can never be [illegible] a repetition of even so great [illegible] New York. He has had too [illegible] with national and international [illegible] to become merely a pro- [illegible] In his recent address in Albany, he said that he would advocate a parcels post if New York State was in favor of it. That New York State will be in favor of it, there cannot be the slightest doubt, and Mr. Root doubtless knew this when he made the remark. The man whom he succeeds in the Senate has long been known as the representative of the express companies—the companies that have skimmed the cream of the postal profits and left the nation a yearly deficit. The Postoffice Department, with its thousands of rural carriers bringing letters and newspapers to so many homes, might with immense helpfulness to farmers and suburbanites and immense profit to the nation, deliver parcels as is done in England, Germany, France and in every other civilized country in the world.

Washington is busy with preparation for the inauguration ceremonies which will take place in scarcely more than a month from now. Everything has been pre-arranged except the weather. The fourth of March is down in the weather reports for a disagreeable day and a number of ineffective attempts have been made to change the inauguration day to another date. It is understood that there will be a condensation of the procession or parade which has on previous occasions been far too long drawn out. The Avenue is wide and seventy-five or a hundred men can easily march abreast on it. Such has been the vanity of civic and military organizations for conspicuousness, that some have actually insisted on marching single file, causing the spectators on the Avenue to wait frequently three or four hours until the whole procession passed.

The President, it is said, will make a break in the old custom of riding with his successor to and from the Capitol. He will, it is understood, accompany the President-elect to the Capitol and see him inaugurated, but instead of returning with him to the White House, will make a bee-line for the Union station and thence to Oyster Bay, sailing a few days thereafter from New York to a Mediterranean port on his way to Africa. The President announced this program yesterday when he accepted the offer of the New York Republican Committee to act as his escort on the route from the Capitol to the station.

The leaders of the Senate and of the House have held a conference with reference to the legislative program for the remaining thirty days of this session and it is plain that their purpose is not to permit the enactment of any general legislation beyond the appropriation bills. It has been the intention of the House to pass statehood bills for Arizona and New Mexico, but the Senate does not favor this action. The time for convening of the special session for consideration of the tariff has been pretty definitely fixed for the tenth of March, or six days after the inauguration. This arrangement was made after consultation with Senator Knox, who, as his chosen Secretary of State, is supposed to represent President-elect Taft, now absent in Panama. Mr. Taft will probably approve this date and it is favored by Speaker Cannon and Republican leaders as a desirably early date for work on the new tariff bill.

Much interest is expressed with reference to the very lofty tower for wireless telegraphy which it is proposed to erect in Washington for the purpose of communicating with ships at sea to the distance of three thousand miles. Bids have been submitted from seven firms and it is probable that a Pittsburg house offering to furnish the apparatus and tower for $182,600 will get the contract. The tower will probably have a construction similar to that of the famous Eiffel tower in Paris, though it is not expected to be as high as this structure.

Orphans' Court Sale.

Estate of Elizabeth Angeline Smith.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of McKean County, there will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House in Smethport, McKean Co., Pa., on Monday, the 22nd day of February, A. D. 1909, at 11 o'clock a. m., the following pieces of land:

All those pieces or parcels of land situate in the Township of Keating, County of McKean, and State of Pennsylvania, bounded as follows, viz: First piece:—Beginning at a post in the center of the road and in the south line of land of Adam Brockham, Lot No. 137; thence east by south line of No. 137 thirty and 9-10 perches to a post corner; thence south 17 perches to a post corner in the center of the road; thence by the center of the road north 62 degrees west 35 perches to the place of beginning, be the same more or less.

Second piece:—Commencing at a post corner in the center of the highway leading from Farmers Valley to East Valley; thence south 30 & ½ degrees west 15 & ½ rods to a post corner in the line between Chas. E. Hatch and Mrs. Hortense S. Derby; thence west along said line 6 rods and 9 feet to a post corner; thence north 29 & ½ degrees east 20 rods and 4 feet to a post corner in the center of the highway; thence east 57 degrees south along said highway to the place of beginning, being part of Lot No. 137 of the Keating allotment of lands in said township.

The first piece having erected thereon a two-story frame house and a small barn, and each lot being improved.

Terms of sale:—Cash on confirmation of sale and delivery of deed.

CHARLES E. BEEBE,
JOHN N. APPLE, Administrator.
Attorney.
January 27, 1909.

Notice.

In the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, of February Term, 1909, No. 80.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the said court, on the 22 day of February, 1909, at 2 o'clock p. m., under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled: "An Act to Provide for the Incorporation and Regulation of Certain Corporations," approved April 29th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the approval of a certain amendment to the charter of the Bradford Business Men's Association, as set forth in the petition for the allowance of said amendment, filed in said court.

W. E. BURDICK, Solicitor.

Dated Jan 26 1909

Sale opens February 4th, 9 a. m.

The Emory Mill Remnant Sale.

for the fourteenth time opens Thursday morning, February 4th, at 9 a. m. Almost every woman within a hundred miles of Olean knows what this sale is, and pays us the compliment of waiting for this important semi-annual event.

This sale has grown by leaps and bounds; it has turned February and August, the two dullest months of the year, into our two biggest months, December excepted. It has genuine merit to produce such results.

The green bills are now ready for distribution. If you, or any of your friends are interested, we will gladly mail you one on request.

—Keep in mind the dates. Sale opens Thursday, February 4th, and closes Wednesday, February 17th; two full weeks, twelve full shopping days of genuine bargains. We have every reason to expect twelve days of the biggest business in the history of the store.

Tell your friends and bring them with you to this important event.

BRADNER'S,

OLEAN, - - N. Y.

—Successors to—

Adams & Bradner, and Geo. B. Adams & Co.

Sale closes Wednesday, February 17th, at 6 p. m.

THE LYCEUM

THURSDAY, FEB. 4th

Second Annual Tour

Harry Scott Co.

—present that—

Furiously Funny Musical Stew

Merrily Served in 3 Courses

"Ma's New Husband."

Book by David Edwin.

Music & Lyrics by Geo. Fletcher

18 New, Clean, Catchy Musical Features 18

A GREAT SHOW—is the unanimous verdict conceded by press critics and theatre-going public.

PRICES: 75, 50, 35, 25c

MONDAY, FEB. 8, '09

J. C. Rockwell's New

SUNNY SOUTH CO.

America's Greatest of All Colored Shows.

Largest in Number, Best in Quality, Band & Orchestra, Real Talent,

AT POPULAR PRICES.

DIRECT FROM THE SUNNY SOUTH, INTRODUCING

Buck and Wing Dancing, Quartette Singing, Plantation Scenes, Grand Finale of Twenty Voices.

Prices, 25, 35, 50

THE BEST OIL

for any kind of a lamp or lantern is

"Family Favorite"

Triple refined from Pennsylvania Crude Oil—the best in the world.
Does away with all "muss" and trouble.
Will not char wick or "treat" chimney.
Burns round and full with a clear, white light—clean and dry without readjustment of wick.
No more tank wagon oil. Get "Family Favorite" out of the original barrel from our refineries.
Your dealer knows.
Ask him.

Waverly Oil Works Co.
Independent Refiners
Pittsburg, Pa.

Also makers of Waverly Special Auto Oil and Waverly Gasolines.

—I have been at ENGSTROM'S GROCERY, and you can tell that I am pleased. Its an old idea about a pleased customer being the best advertisement for a store. We believe in continuous advertising of this kind. Our Groceries are of the satisfying sort. You will feel that every article from our stock is well worth the price, and will be glad to order another lot of the same brand. We lay more stress on high quality than on low price. Our values are just. Make up an order for us and be pleased.

Oscar Engstrom.

Dealer in

Groceries and Provisions.

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills

LOW PRICES

—are still prevailing at—

RUBIN'S SHOE STORE.

The balance of our Suit and Overcoat stock are going at lower prices than ever.

We Like Lookers

H. W. RUBIN

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

Where There Are PURE DRUGS

there is hope, and while we are in business there always will be pure drugs in this town.

The standard of our goods is high. We know that health and life depend on the absolute purity of the drugs used in compounding prescriptions and therefore the utmost care is taken that they shall be perfect.

Satisfied ourselves that the qualities are right, we make prices to satisfy our customers.

We may not be the cheapest druggists but we are the best and lowest priced.

McCoy's Drug Store

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St W. H. Hungerford, SMETHPORT

FRESH FRUITS NUTS AND CANDIES

Canned Goods of the best quality

J. Colegrove, Grocer,

Smethport. Pa.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. Smethport

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT. PENNA.

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits, $203,000.00

Resources about $900,000.00

This Bank

Conducts a General Banking business.

Pays interest on time deposits.

Acts as Trustee, transfer agent, administrator, executor or guardian of estates.

Issues drafts payable at all parts of the world.

Solicits your business; no account too small, no transaction too large.

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Treasurer.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D GALLUP,
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JAMES A. McKEAN
C. D. COMES
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H. H. REDFIELD

BURDICK SARTWELL PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

The Psalm of Life.

"Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream,
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem"

Things are just what they seem at the

A. B. ARMSTRONG DRUG STORE.

All drugs and medicines absolutely pure and fresh.

Sate

BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Watch this
Space
next week.

DALY & GARLICK

A

SPECIAL

SALE OF

STOVES.

Daly & Garlick.

HAMILTON BLOCK

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 4, 1909.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—See H. C. Wells' valentine ad.

—Daly & Garlick advertise a special sale in stoves this week.

—The themometer registered 12 degrees below zero Monday morning.

—The Olean Morning Times has been changed to the Olean Evening Times.

—Mrs. J. S. Walker entertained the Bridge Whist club yesterday afternoon.

—The great and only Rube Waddell will be in Bradford "Old Home Week."

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Herman Cooper, on Saturday, Jan. 30, 1909, a girl.

—Martin Burns, Jr., who was seriously injured some ten days ago, has entirely recovered.

—White girls are about to take the places of colored waiters in nearly all the fashionable hotels at Atlantic City.

—Smethport has some high-rollers in the bowling line and they expect to test titles with bowlers from nearby towns in the near future.

—The members of the Swedish Lutheran church have added much to the interior of the church by having a new pulpet erected in the same.

—Billy Rich fulfilled his promise to throw Tommy Hog three times in an hour at Bradford Tuesday night. He did the trick easily in 47 minutes.

—The explosion of an "empty" glycerine can caused considerable excitement in the sixth ward of Bradford on Tuesday. No damage was done.

—Mrs. Agnes Quirk, wife of Rev. W. A. Quirk, pastor of the Bradford Free Methodist church, died at the Bradford hospital Sunday evening, aged 42 years.

—Mr. Lewis B. Scott and May Davis, both of Rochester, N. Y., were united in marriage by Justice A. W. Colegrove at his office late Monday evening, Feb. 1, 1908.

—The contract for printing the ballots for the February elections for this county was awarded last Friday to the Mt. Jewett News. The bid, we understand, was $07.50.

—The Ladies' Aid of the M. E. church will give a supper at the chapel on Friday, Feb. 12, from 5:30 p. m. until all are served. Tickets 25 cents. All are invited.

—Another of the popular Lemon Club dances was given at the Lyceum last Thursday evening and about fifty couples were in attendance. The music was furnished by Chadwick's orchestra and right here we wish to say that it is one of the best orchestras in this section. Miss Millicent Pattison furnished the luncheon which was exceptionally good and all spent a delightful evening.

—An effort is being made to revive the Interstate baseball league in which Bradford, Kane, Olean and several other adjacent towns have had a try at. May they succeed.

—"Ma's New Husband" which will be at the Lyceum to-night is full of fun from start to finish and all lovers of wholesome, rich humor should see this amusing comedy.

—Editor M. J. Conrad of the Potter Journal had a barn containing three cows, ten hogs, hay, and other products amounting to $1,000, destroyed by fire last week. He carried no insurance.

—A bill has been introduced in the legislature raising the price of marriage licenses from 50 cents to $2. We are against this bill notwithstanding the fact that we still think our wife is worth at least $1.50 more than she cost us.

—There will be a basketball game at the Lyceum Friday night, Feb. 5, between the Eldred high school team and the local high school team. Preliminary game at 8 o'clock, regular game at 8:30 o'clock. Admission 25c, students 15c.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday (Septuagesima) the services will be at 10 and 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Subjects for the day, "The Laborers and the Reward," and "Vague Running and Ineffective Fighting." Service at East Smethport at 2:30 p. m.

—The Howell-Keith Stock Co. drew better than the average houses at the Lyceum last Friday and Saturday evenings. The plays presented were "Lena Rivers" and "Slaves of the Orient," which pleased their audiences very well considering the prices of admission.

—Thomas Gilluly of Port Allegany has a flock of 104 thoroughbred chickens which hold the record as layers. He claims to have received from them in consecutive days 107, 112 and 114 eggs. They are a special breed of chickens and Mr. Gilluly feeds them a special food which he prepares himself.

—Armed with stones, clubs and pieces of gas pipe, 60 cadets from Chamberlain Military Institute at East Randolph entered the village Friday night to "do up" the villagers. They were sore because they were reprimanded for blocking a sidewalk in front of a church last Sunday and had warned the villagers of their intentions. A big gang of young villagers was awaiting them, including some firemen, who quickly strung hose and deluged the belligerent cadets, who fled to shelter, sending back a committee saying there would be no more trouble.

—C. A. Berger, editor of the Warren Times, is a winner of the 10th prize awarded by the Alaska-Yukon Exposition for writing an advertising story for use of the Exposition, on "The Growth of the Northwest and Alaskan Development." The prize carries with it $75 in gold and a trip to the Exposition with all expenses paid.

—What are the chances for a strictly amateur baseball team in this place? Smethport used to have one of the fastest amateur teams in Pennsylvania or New York, but for the past few years, interest has been gradually dying out, until it practically dropped out of the game three years ago. If our local fans want a team, now is the time to start the ball in motion.

—N. H. Knapp went to Bradford on Tuesday to see Dr. Fredericks about his throat which has been bothering him for nearly ten months past, and has baffled local physicians. Dr. Fredericks, although not positive, is of the opinion that he is suffering with a cancer and advised him to go to a specialist in Buffalo for further examination. Mr. Knapp will go to Buffalo next week for that purpose.

—If reports are true "Ma's New Husband," which will be at the Lyceum to-night is the most amusing play that our people were ever given the opportunity of seeing at the local play house. The writer has it from what we consider very good authority that the company which will present this laughable comedy is composed of first-class actors and actress, and the MINER advises everyone who wants a good hearty laugh to go to the Lyceum to-night.

—To commemorate the 100th anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, Postmaster General Meyer has announced that 100,000,000 new two-cent postage stamps will be issued on or before February 12, next. The new issue was provided for by joint resolution of Congress. The design comprises the portrait of Lincoln in an ellipse, the only decoration being a spray of laurel leaves and the inscription "U. S. Postage" in a straight line at the top of the stamp, with the numerals "1809—Feb. 12—1909" at the bottom. The color will be red. The Lincoln profile is taken from a copy of St. Gaudens's statue of Lincoln in Chicago.

—Mrs. Laura Wood of 97 East Main street, wearied of an earthly existence, attempted suicide yesterday. She longed to soar to realms unknown and was only cheated of her desire by Dr. D. E. Ash who administered the proper antidotes. It is supposed that bella donna and aconite were the mixtures used by Mrs. Wood in the attempt to end her existence. The poison was successfully removed by the physician and the woman will not suffer any serious effects from her rash act. When asked for her reasons for wanting to quit this sphere, she said that life was not worth the living and she was tired of it all.—Bradford Star Record, Monday.

—J. C. Rockwell's New Sunny South company will appear at the Smethport Lyceum, Monday evening, Feb. 8th, has always been regarded as among the best colored organizations on the road. This season the preformance is considerably stronger than any presented by this company in the past, it is up-to-date to the minute, bright and pleasing from start to finish. The Olio is exceptionally strong this season, several clever acts are introduced, which are head liners on any vaudeville bill. There is a large company, beautifully costumed and exceptionally well drilled. Everything goes with a rush and dash, there is no end of the fun and music until the last word is spoken, the last song sung, and it is certain that when the curtain falls on the last act, the audience will say that it is one of the most pleasing performances ever placed on the local stage. The organization is accompanied by a high-class solo concert band and a superb orchestra, the band will lead the "Koontown" parade, which will take place at noon.

Real Home Rulers.

The brains of the average home are not all packed away in the cranium of the male head of the household. The real ruling, managing force of the home is the wife. The husband earns the money, it is true. But if he had the spending of it, the result would be chaos. The wife is the real chancellor of the exchequer.—Weekly Dispatch.

There is not any better salve than DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve. We hereby warn the public that we are *not responsible for any injurious effects* cause from worthless or poisonous imitations of our DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve, the original. It is good for anything when a salve is needed, but it is especially good for piles. Be sure to get DeWitt's. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport, and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

The Demon Hurry.

Time has been saved, almost annihilated, by steam and electricity, yet where is the leisure? The more time we save the less we have. The hurry of the machine passes into the man. We can outrun the wind and the storm, but we cannot outrun the demon of Hurry.—John Burroughs.

Wanted.

A position as servant in hotel, restaurant or private family by young man 21 years old.

MSOUD ABDO.

Inquire of Mrs. Freda Thomas.

For Sale.

Just received two carloads of fertilizer and farm impliments. Three sets second-hand work harness, three second-hand heavy lumber wagons for sale cheap. E. W. Jones, Smethport, Pa.

If you need a pill take DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Insist on them; gentle, easy, pleasant little liver pills. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport, and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

Personal Mention.

W. L. Hammar had business in Buffalo this week.

Harry S. Rubin was a Bradford visitor on Monday.

Miss Fannie Steinhauer visited friends in town last evening.

Dr Burg Chadwick was a Buffalo visitor the forepart of the week.

H. H. Redfield left Tuesday for a few days' visit to Washington, D. C.

H. D. Otto of Farmers Valley was a business visitor in town Monday.

Burdette S. Bayle, county superintendent of schools, is in Harrisburg on school business this week.

Miss Margaret Hall and A. D. Heath of Bradford attended the Lemon Club dance last Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Choate and infant son left yesterday for Uniontown, Pa., for a visit to Mrs. Choate's parents.

Mrs. John H. Green, who has been visiting friends in town for several days returned to her home in Olean Monday.

Mrs. Fred Garr of St. Marys, who has been visiting friends in Olean, spent Sunday with Miss Cora Abbey of this place.

W. H. Bell of Reynoldsville and L. S. Bell of Patton were guests of their brother, Samuel E. Bell, the fore part of the week.

Dr. Henry Eastman of Jamestown, N. Y., and his sister, Mrs. F. E. Tull of this borough, left Saturday for an extended visit to Florida.

Fred Specht, Ralph, Herzog and Ed. Glavin, students of State College, spent several days this week with their parents and friends.

Mrs. Lawrence Hopper and daughter, Alberta, who have been the guests of friends in town for a few days, left Tuesday for their home in Hornell, N. Y.

Wanted.

Two girls with black hair and blue eyes to learn the cut glass trade. Come at once.

SMETHPORT CUT GLASS CO.

For Sale.

Some household furniture, cheap. No place to store it. Call at

DR. PIERCE'S Office.

Six Attractive Business Opportunities

COUNTRY STORE at West Almond, N. Y., sales $8,000 a year. Stock of $900 at inventory. Only store in 7 miles. Fine house, store barn, 6 acres, level, land, orchard, fine water. Real estate for $2,300, part rush.

COUNTRY STORE 6 miles from Canisteo, N. Y., business of $18,000 a year. Stock of about $3,000 at inventory. Real estate for $2,300. Fine chance for right man.

HARDWARE STORE in Shinglehouse, Pa., on trolley line and railroad. Sales $14,000 last year. Stock of about $1,850 at inventory. Low rent with living rooms over store. Owner must change climate.

BLACKSMITH SHOP at West Almond, N. Y., only one in six miles. Fine location. Shop and lot without tools only $150.

CIGAR, TOBACCO and FRUIT STORE in Bolivar, N. Y., doing nice business. Fine location. For inventory about $400. Established trade.

COUNTRY STORE at Alma, N. Y., store and house combined; acre of land, free gas, free telephone, all for $1,100. Stock for inventory about $700. No store within six miles. Ten acres more land with large barn for $600. Sales over $7,000 last year.

If you want to buy or sell, it will be to your interest to enlist our services, which are free to buyers. Small commission for our service if you want to sell.

HERRICK AGENCY

Bolivar, N. Y.

We Bring Buyer and Seller Together.

WM. MONHEIMER.

THIS and
NEXT WEEK

1-2 price

for any

Overcoat

in the house. 'Tis an exceptional opportunity to secure an overcoat—cut and tailored in the latest style—at a saving of from $3.50 to $10.00.

$7.50, 10.00, 15.00 and 20.00
OVERCOATS GO FOR
$3.50, 5.00, 7.50 and 10.00.

Boys' Overcoats go at ½ price too. The SAME style of overcoats, as we now sell, will prevail this coming fall.

GET ONE NOW!

MONHEIMER'S.

Notice of Dissolution.

In the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County.

In the matter of the dissolution of the Kane Electric Street Railway Company. | No. 81, February Term, 1909.

Notice is hereby given that the Kane Electric Street Railway Company filed its petition in the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County on the 12th day of January, 1909, praying for a decree of dissolution, and the Court has fixed the 22nd day of February, 1909, at 2 o'clock p. m., for hearing said petition for dissolution, when and where all persons interested can attend if they deem it expedient and show cause against granting the prayer of said petition.

A. P. HUEY,
Solicitor for Petitioner.

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

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FRY & COMES

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"As a Man Thinketh."

By JENNIE LUDLUM LEE.

Copyrighted, 1903, by the Associated Literary Press.

Carlisle Anderson pushed his way through the crowd and picked up the dog. The little creature had been run over by a passing automobile, and a crowd had gathered, but no one had offered to help the animal in its suffering. Carlisle was very big and the onlookers seemed to give way to him without argument. One man suggested that the dog might bite.

"Poor little brute!" mused Carlisle as he started to the corner drug store with the dog in his arms. A clerk telephoned for the animal ambulance, and Carlisle still patted the dog.

The frightened animal looked up at him and, failing to recognize the friendly face, snapped at him. Carlisle drew back quickly, but not until the dog had bitten his hand. A cry made him turn quickly.

"Did he bite you?" asked a tall girl who had been buying some drugs at the counter.

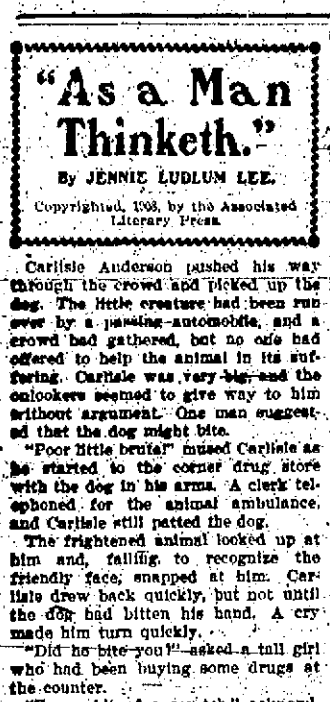
"Yes, a bit of a scratch," acknowledged Carlisle. "It doesn't amount to much." But at the same time he mopped the blood from the hand.

"Won't you come around the corner with me to father?" pleaded the girl. "You see, father's a doctor, and he will cauterize the wound for you."

Before he knew it Carlisle was walking beside the girl, and together they entered the handsome residence of Dr. Theodore Standing.

"This doesn't amount to anything, sir," assured Dr. Standing.

"Oh, I don't think the little beast has given me hydrophobia," replied



"YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BITE, ARE YOU?" ASKED LUCY.

Carlisle. "You know, I believe you can think yourself into such things. I'll never give it another thought." And he laughed his merriest laugh.

Before leaving the house Carlisle looked around to see if he could catch a second glance of the doctor's daughter, but evidently she had gone upstairs.

That night in his room Carlisle thought very little about his bandaged hand, but somehow as he sat smoking his cigar and trying to read the evening paper a girl's face constantly appeared before him.

He did not think he was in danger of hydrophobia, but he did think he wanted to see that girl again. But how to do it? What excuse had he to offer? In the morning the hand was practically well, but Carlisle had his man tie it in clean bandages, and instead of scowling at the pain he actually smiled during the process.

An hour later found him in the doctor's office.

"My dear fellow, the hand is perfectly healed—it was nothing but a scratch." The doctor looked over the rim of his glasses in amazement.

"Think I needn't come again, then, do you?" inquired Carlisle.

"Certainly not," assured the doctor.

"Your daughter—er—she never helps you in the office, does she?" stammered Carlisle.

"Heavens, no!" declared the doctor. "I don't think she's even in the house."

Carlisle's face had lost a great deal of its animation when he walked down the stoop. His ruse had failed. He did not grudge the $5 he had paid the doctor. He would willingly pay five times that amount to see the girl again. But how?

A week later Mrs. Scott-Burden gave a small dinner, and Carlisle was among the last guests to arrive. In the dressing room he met Billy Brewster.

"Have you set your lamps on the Standing girl, Carlisle?" asked Billy. "Talk about your peaches!" he continued. "She's just out—the daughter of old Dr. Standing, you know, the old fellow that"—

He got no further. Carlisle walked up to him and took him by the shoulder.

"Is that girl here tonight?" he demanded.

"She certainly is," assured Billy, searching Carlisle's face to make sure he was entirely harmless. "But what's that to you?" he added.

"Help me to find my left hand, will you?" asked Carlisle, feeling the question.

"Well, I'll be hanged! What's the matter with you, anyway?" said Billy.

"A dog bit me," interjected Carlisle as the task was completed and they started for the drawing room.

Mrs. Scott-Burden gave delightful dinners, and this one was no exception. Carlisle Anderson was seated beside the "peachy 'Standing girl.'" Billy Brewster leaned over toward his hostess.

"Did you ever hear that Carlisle Anderson had fighty spells?" he asked with some concern.

"All men do at times," answered Mrs. Scott-Burden. "At present he seems to be soaring with Lucy Standing. But why do you ask?"

"He did such a queer thing tonight about that perfectly good left hand of his." Then, directing his conversation to Carlisle, he sung out, "How's your hand, old man?"

"Better, thanks, better," Carlisle answered shortly and turned immediately to Miss Standing.

"Do you believe in this new thought fad, Miss Standing?" asked Carlisle—"all this rot about thinking yourself into a lot of things and out of a lot more?"

"Don't be silly, Mr. Anderson," began Lucy in soothing tones. "You won't have hydrophobia; that little dog only scratched you."

"I'm not thinking about hydrophobia. It's an entirely different kind of disease."

"Incurable?" inquired Lucy.

"Can't say, never having had it before," said Carlisle as he laughed.

"Is it catching?" persisted Lucy.

"Can't say as to that either, but I hope so," announced Carlisle.

Lucy laughed, and the other guests wanted to know what the joke was.

"We were just discussing the new thought movement," interrupted Carlisle, in fear of Lucy telling the truth.

Later in the evening Carlisle and Lucy found themselves alone in a cozy nook in the library.

"Do you feel better?" asked Lucy as she poked her tiny feet close to the burning coals.

"None—getting worse every minute," announced Carlisle cheerfully as he pulled his chair a bit closer.

"You're not going to bite, are you?" asked Lucy, turning her head to a most tantalizing angle.

"This bandage of mine is getting very loose," began Carlisle. "Would you mind tying it up tighter for me?"

Lucy drew the knot in the large handkerchief a bit tighter; and as she touched the hand her face flushed. She glanced up into Carlisle's face, and blushed again.

"Funny about that hand of yours," Lucy announced. "Father told me it was nothing but a scratch, and here you are nursing it for a week. Men are such babies. They think they are sick when really"—

"I am sick in my heart," said Carlisle in a low voice.

"Mr. Carlisle!"

"What's that these new thought people keep saying, 'As a man thinketh, so in his heart is he?' And Miss Standing—Lucy—I can think of nothing but you. It's a new thought all right, and it's the best thought I ever had in my life. This hand with its hydrophobia symptoms" (here he ripped off the improvised bandage) "was used to stir up your sympathy. I kept thinking about that and decided it was not your sympathy, but you, love, that I wanted."

"You want me," echoed Lucy slowly, as if in great wonderment.

"As I never wanted anything in my life," he affirmed. "Let me prove it to you, little girl, won't you?"

Footsteps were heard coming up the hall. There was no mistaking Carlisle's earnestness as he continued;

"At least don't say 'No' to me. Let me come and see you and maybe in time"—

The curtains parted, and Mrs. Scott-Burden entered to hear Lucy reply in a somewhat shaky voice:

"Well, you had better come around and see father—you know, he's the doctor."

French Peas Made In America.

A bright little housekeeper who does her own cooking was asked by a neighbor who happened to be her guest how she could afford to have such delicious French peas so often when they were so expensive.

"I'll tell you my secret," said the hostess, "and that is that they aren't French peas at all. They are just the common American canned variety. But to give them the delicate French taste you must put about a teaspoonful of sugar with them while they are cooking, after you have seasoned them with the usual amount of salt, pepper and butter. Don't make the mistake of using too much sugar, though. A level spoonful to a can of peas is sufficient. A rather celebrated chef told my mother that long ago.

"He must have been a descendant of one of those devoted chefs of the 'terror' in France, when a cook was expected to make an entree out of a slipper if nothing else offered.

"He had a way of making indifferent coffee taste delicious, too, that I follow, and bless his memory for it. That is to pour the ground coffee into a tin, place this over the fire and wait till a rich aroma arises, but don't let there be any suspicion of burning. Then make your coffee in any one of the hundred correct ways you happen to have been taught and observe the improvement."—New York Post.

Bostonese Idiom.

Mrs. Putton-Ayres—Waiter, you may bring me a culinary mosaic, slightly umberated. Waiter (at the slide)—Hash, and have it brown.—Boston Transcript.

THE WORD "WINTER."

Said to Have Originally Indicated Wetness, Not Coldness.

There is a prevailing impression that there is something in the word "winter" that signifies cold, and the season is usually associated with the idea of low temperature, but where the word originated there was little of winter as we understand it, while there was a great deal of moisture in the time the earth was nearest to the sun, so that it is not the temperature but the atmospheric condition that has given us the word.

The word "winter," as we use it, is found with but slight modifications in all the branches of the Aryan languages, for the idea of wetness associated with the season was given to it before the Aryan family was divided.

If we go to the root of the word we find "wad," with the signification of to well, to wash out, to moisten or make wet. Our Aryan ancestors used that root to apply to all conditions of moisture, and many words besides winter have grown out of it, wet and water being among them.

This root "wad" is in the Sanskrit as "udan," water. Anglo-Saxon has "wacter," and in Latin we have "unda," wave, from which we get our "inundate."

Our Danish and Swedish cousins changed the "w" into a "v" and have "vinter." In Icelandic it is "vetir," and the old high German has "wintar," and it is "winter" in German. These four words are all from the Teutonic base "wata," which means wet. So it has been moisture that has been indicated from the birth of the root on which all of the different words in a dozen languages have grown.—New York Herald.

CURIOUS FLORIDA HERB.

Red Plant Which Feeds Upon Ants and Other Insects.

Almost everybody knows there are such things as insectivorous or carnivorous plants, but it is doubtful if many know we have any such plants growing right here in southern Florida. Nevertheless there is a plant, or, rather, herb, growing here which is really insectivorous.

It is likely that on account of its being extremely small it has escaped attention. In fact, it seems to have been overlooked by the botanists also, as we are unable to find it classed among the sensitive plants.

This is an annual herb, and the entire plant, including the flowers, is of a deep rich red color. It rarely reached a height of more than three inches and is never so broad. The leaves are spatulate when undisturbed and present many small fibrillae and secrete at their tips a tenacious fluid which is capable of holding the very small insects, such as ants and the like, upon which it feeds. When any of these get lodged in the fluid and disturb them fibrillae the leaves slowly acquire a deep cup shape and sometimes curl completely up over their victim. When they have absorbed the insect they slowly recover their original shape, leaving only the skeleton of the insect remaining.

These plants grow on the very low, flat, poor and sandy lands. They appear in the late winter and early spring months.—Punta Gorda (Fla.) Herald.

The Human Temperature.

Put to the test of the thermometer, it appears that the normal temperature of the body is almost invariable, regardless of latitude or season. Putting the bulb of the thermometer under the tongue of an Eskimo at the frozen north or of a man under the blazing sun of the tropics, we find that in each case the body being in a state of health, the temperature is about the same, the difference not amounting to a degree. We may say absolutely that the average normal temperature of a human being is about 98.5 degrees F., just as we may say that at sea level water boils at 212 degrees F.—New York American.

Put In More Words.

"Now, Peters," said the teacher, "what is it makes the water of the sea so salty?"

"Salt," said Peters.

"Next!" said the teacher. "What is it makes the water of the sea so salty?"

"The salty quality of the sea water," answered "Next." "Is due to the admixture of a sufficient quantity of chloride of sodium to impart to the aqueous fluid with which it commingles a saline flavor, which is readily recognized by the organs of taste!"

"Right, Next," said the teacher. "Go up one!"

Mutton Birds.

During six weeks every autumn the 400 inhabitants of the Australian Furneaux islands make enough money to support themselves in idleness the rest of the year. They do this by catching the very fat young "mutton birds," which are hatched there in such numbers that the flocks when they migrate extend for miles. They furnish food and oil, which is used for lubricating purposes and also as a substitute for cod liver oil.

Making Sure.

Country Cousin—Are you sure I am in the right train? Town Relative (who has had about enough of it)—Well, I have asked seventeen porters and thirty-two passengers, and they all say "Yes," so I think you'd better risk it.—London Telegraph.

If thou continuest to take delight in idle argumentation thou mayest be qualified to combat with the sophists but never know how to love with men.—Socrates.

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FOR THE CHILDREN

A Musical Crowd.

If you have company make them for the time imagine themselves to be a band of musicians, though without the instruments. The leader of the band is supposed to furnish each of the performers with a different musical instrument. Consequently a violin, a harp, a flute, an accordion, a piano, a jewsharp and anything else that would add to the noise are all to be performed at the same time. Provided with an instrument of some description, himself, the leader begins playing a tune on his imaginary violoncello, or whatever else it may be, imitating the real sound as well as he can both in action and voice. The others all do the same, the sight presented being, as may well be imagined, exceedingly ludicrous and the noise almost deafening.

In the midst of it the leader quite unexpectedly stops playing and makes an entire change in his attitude and tone of voice, substituting for his own instrument one belonging to some one else. As soon as he does this the performer who has been thus unceremoniously deprived of his instrument takes that of his leader and performs on it instead. Thus the game is continued, every one being expected to carefully watch the leader's actions and to be prepared at any time for making a sudden change.

The one who fails to make the change promptly pays a forfeit.

The Huntsman.

One player is the huntsman. While all the others sit in a circle he gives each one a name, calling one his cow, others his hat, shot, gun, flask, dog, etc.

The huntsman then walks round outside the circle and calls, for instance, for his gun. The player who represents the gun at once gets up, takes hold of the huntsman's belt and walks round after him. The huntsman calls for other accouterments till all the players are going round, each having hold of the player in front of him. When all are running fast by order of the huntsman he suddenly shouts "Bang!" when all, including the huntsman, must let go and rush for seats. One player will necessarily be left out and must pay a forfeit for his failure or he may be counted out of the game and a chair removed, or if so arranged beforehand the one left out may become huntsman and the game go on as before.

The Ocean's Volume.

If we desired to measure the water in the Pacific ocean the figures that we should have to use are almost one readable—200,000,000,000,000 gallons. It has been said that with the falls of Niagara running at their present stupendous volume it would take the water of the Pacific more than a million years to pass over them. If it were possible to put the water of the Pacific into a hollow sphere it would be necessary to provide one with a diameter of 720 miles. The Atlantic ocean, as all doubtless know, is much smaller than the Pacific, having about 73,000,000,000,000 gallons, so that the Atlantic might be contained in the Pacific three times. If it were put into a sphere the diameter of the sphere would have to be about 533 miles.—Chicago News.

A Busy Little Chap.

It has been ascertained that the mouse when he is free to range about sleeps only two hours in the twenty-four, or less than any other animal known. During the rest of the time he is on the hustle and probably covers five miles in his runnings. The honeybee sleeps from dark to dawn, and that old saying "as busy as a bee" should be changed to "as busy as a mouse." In four days and nights a mouse will either eat or convey away a pound of cheese. He has always got his appetite with him.

Conundrums.

Why is a dirty child like flannel? Because he shrinks from washing.

What is the difference between a girl of seven and a woman of seventy? One is careless and happy. The other is hairless and cappy.

Why are pianos noble characters? Because they are grand, square and upright.

When is a chicken's neck like a bell? When it is wrung for dinner.

Why is a crow a brave bird? Because it never shows the white feather.

Puzzles With Letters.

What word containing three letters can be expressed by one? For instance:

1. A river? Answer—Dee (D).
2. An insect?
3. A bird?
4. A garden vegetable?
5. A Chinese beverage?
6. A tree?

Answers: 2, Bee (B); 3, jay (J); 4, pea (P); 5, tea (T); 6, yew (U).

The Remainder.

Six-year-old Ray's teacher was endeavoring to give some very simple instructions in fractions. She added, "If Jane has six eggs and uses half of them to bake a cake, what part will she have left?" Quickly came the answer, "The shells!"

A Christmas Dilemma.

I have two new dollies, and what shall I do?
I am like the old woman who lived in a shoe.
With my eight dear children, four on each knee,
My lap is as full as ever it can be.
And now these new ones, their hearts will break;
Yet an inch more sitting room how can I make?
I sympathize truly—indeed, I do—
With the famous old woman who lived in a shoe!

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Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheets.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Secretary of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

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Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Sinnemahoning.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; E. W. Hilton, Smethport.
District Attorney—Geo. B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.
Treasurer—H. W. Crosby, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. H. Kaalman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank M. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Patterson, Bradford; John P. Devlin, Bradford.
County Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Adair, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. B. Anderson, Clermont; A. R. Cory, Coryville.
Coroner—E. E. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Hayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. Strong.
Council—J. F. Rooney, president; W. G. Holder, secretary; J. W. Wells, E. W. Workley, G. H. Dunning, F. L. Sherburne, E. E. Heath, H. H. Sassé.
Justice—H. C. Gleason.
Constable—U. B. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, sec'y; W. F. Specht, treas.; John B. Eastman, H. H. Mansfield, John Clark.
Collector—H. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Rubin.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
SANFORD L. FAY, W. M.
W. L. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WADE BURDICK, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 287, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.
C. B. F. WRIGHT, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. H. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every afternoon saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. E. A. BAKER, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

F. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 215, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
JENNIE EBERSPACHER, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter No. 157, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOORHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
ED. THOMAS, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 7 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 2 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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SHE WAS SOBBING AS HE CAME TO HER.

For a Woman's Need

By ROY NORTON

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"Jumped by thunder!" was Sandy's comment as he laboriously spelled out the regulation Chinook notice, showing its white spot on the bark of a giant fir: "Claim's been jumped by one 'A Burrows.'"

He leaned his ax against the foot of the tree, pushed his dingy old white hat back on his shock of bleached hair, hitched up his trousers by the belt and again read the notice. There was no mistaking it. There was a rival claimant for this patch of timber in the almost impenetrable wilderness of the Olympics, where for more than a year he had abided with the proud feeling of possession.

Claim-jumping, in a mining way, was not a new thing to him, but here in the big woods it seemed a little out of place. It was bewildering, and the method of its fighting would be new. He sat down on a small log and looked at the staring white sign, as if trying to read from it a solution of the difficulty. He might tear the notice off the tree, but that wouldn't do any good. Now, if only it were a mining claim, the procedure would be simple, namely, take a gun and fill the "jumper" full of lead.

Sandy straightened himself up and sighed. He had decided that this would be the method in this case, if he were driven to it.

"I'm the peacefullest cuss that ever lived," he mourned as he turned away, "but they're always gettin' me cornered, where there ain't nothin' to do but shoot. Then I gets shot up some, may be, and am sorry a heap, because I had to shoot the other fellow up."

The world looked pretty forlorn to him, as he picked his way along a trail through the woods to his cabin, and for once the birds and squirrels who knew him and expected greeting were given no recognition.

His path led through timber such as but few men know; it was a Titanic forest of monstrous trees in which he wandered a pigmy. Here and there a giant had fallen, sending his 300 feet of length crashing downward to a resting-place, and presenting a 20-foot barrier to those who would cross him in his proneness. Perhaps another giant, having lived out his life of hundreds of years, had dropped across the first, and still others piled themselves on, until the barrier was completely impassable.

Around one of these obstructions the troubled Sandy came in sight of his cabin, where it nestled in a little clearing, with all its evidences of habitation. From the doorway a three-legged dog arose and, with much effort, gave a home greeting. Even in the stress of his trouble the tall master stopped long enough to pet the waiting head and take a kindly look into the eyes that sought his.

"Dick," he said, "we've been pards ever since I dragged you out from under a street car, way down in Seattle, and we've most always had some kind of a home since then; but now they're goin' to try to take this one away from us and make us hit the trail again."

Dick seemed to understand, although he said nothing. He was not a talkative dog, his strong point being sympathy. He felt the gravity of the situation, and hobbled after his master into the cabin.

"There you go again," Sandy reproachfully said as he entered, this time addressing his remarks to a mischievous wood-mouse who calmly sat on a shelf and looked at him while washing off with his diminutive forepaws the unmistakable signs of flour-dust from his whiskers.

"Here I lugs a sack of flour 20 miles into the woods and you jest won't let it alone, even when I makes friends with you and feeds you till you're fat." The mouse showed no sign of fear, and with twinkling eyes continued his toilet, as Sandy, with arms akimbo, stood in front of him and delivered his scolding. "Well, you little cuss," he concluded, "you ain't like men, you don't know no better." He held a coaxing hand on the edge of the shelf, and the mouse accepted the truce by scampering up Sandy's arm to his shoulder.

Sandy prepared his homely woodsman's meal, finished it with a woodsman's appetite and seated himself with lighted pipe on a bench in front of his cabin. But this night there were no interludes of whistling or singing; his trouble was upon him. It seemed strange that through all the years, stretching away back to those of the desert sands, when he had been alternately packer, cow-puncher, miner, or woodsman, he who loved peace and quiet should be compelled always to fight, and fight, and fight. Now he was facing another fight. "Old Miss Trouble must have been my godmother," he said aloud, as he prepared for his night's rest. "I hanker after the peaceful life, but I'm goin' to kill any damn man that tries to git this claim, an' the man might as well be A. Burrows as B., otherwise known as Sandy Smith."

It had been many months since the heavy Colt's was taken down from its pegs upon the cabin wall, but when Sandy started into the woods on the following morning, it was grimly strapped around his hip, and his belt was filled with cartridges. And this was not the last day when the gun sagged against his thigh, as he traversed his little domain, patiently waiting for the appearance of "A. Burrows."

When the time came, it was almost as a surprise. It was one bright forenoon when the air was redolent with the fragrance of bloom, and the dew lay heavily in the hollows of the tangled blackberry and rhododendron bushes, that the storm burst. Sandy had grown somewhat older in these days of waiting. His quick ear caught the unusual sound of voices and, by the tree where the first location-notice had been posted, he waited.

Through the woods, with axes gleaming across the packs on their backs, with rifles in hand, and steady tread, came four woodmen.

"Hello!" they said, in the way of greeting to the tall, grim man who barred their way.

Sandy wasted no time in civilities. "Lookin' fur this?" he queried, pointing at the white claim-notice which stared at them unwinkingly.

"Ef that's the Burrows location, we shore are," came the reply from the man who was evidently the leader of the party.

"Well, that's it, and ye kin save yer eyesight," said Sandy grimly. "But it ain't goin' to do ye no good, because I owns this claim, and I reckon I'm goin' to keep on owpin' it."

"The hell you are!" We been sent up here to put a cabin on it, and I reckon we're goin' to keep on and do it," came the retort. "Ef there's any dispute about it, it's up to you to go to the cote and fix it. We're goin' to build and, what's more, we hev bumped into squatters a heap o' times afore this."

The arrivals had slipped off their packs and were clustered around their leader. Sandy had held his temper well, but now "Miss Trouble" was here. He lashed out with his knotted right fist, caught the foreman a hammerlike blow on the chin and doubled him up in the air. Here was a kind of squatter that hadn't been met before.

A whirlwind couldn't have worked faster. The four struck at him, and kicked him, and endeavored to bring him to the ground. He felt himself being overpowered, and worked his hand to the butt of his revolver. It spoke with one quick snap, and the smart was untangled.

One man seized a useless shoulder, through which the bullet had torn its way, and the others sprang for their weapons. Sandy tried to wing one of them, and found that his remaining cartridges were defective.

This wouldn't do. He must take to cover and put in fresh ones. He jumped, with long leaps, toward one of the barriers of fallen trees and sought shelter. As he dropped down behind the logs, two rifle bullets sang dangerously past his head, and went "flick-flicking" through the tree-tops.

Sandy stood behind a log, with feverish energy threw out the cartridges which had failed him in his need, and inserted fresh ones from his belt. Then he clambered along to a point where he could catch a sight of his battlefield and took a survey. Not a target was in sight. He worked his way back, cut a stick, and shoved his hat upward to the top of the log, trying to draw his enemies' fire. It was effective, and the old hat went sailing to the ground behind him. He rushed to a point of observation and took another look, but nowhere was an enemy in sight. Not even a rifle barrel protruded from behind any of the forest giants, who calmly furnished shelter.

Sandy recovered the hat, and from a new point of vantage tried his ruse. It failed to attract attention. Plainly his opponents were enemies of no mean caliber. An old trick could be played upon them once, but that was all. He must either retreat or use new tactics. The first alternative was untenable, because he "never had run yet," and the second meant a reconnoiter. Sandy made his way around the thicket, and by the aid of another fallen log gained an angle from which he peered. An elbow was in sight. He would practice on that.

"Whang" went his pistol, and the elbow lurched violently, and smothered oaths told that the shot had been well aimed. Sandy smiled. The joy of battle was on him. He felt that exhilaration which comes from deadly strife. He wanted to yell. It would have helped him, he felt sure. He caught sight of a head and fired, but evidently missed. That bothered him a little. Misses were not in his line. It must be the fault of the cartridges again.

Once more he emptied his pistol and carefully inspected each load as he placed it in its chamber. "Too bad," he mused, "to lose that last shot! Fellers that sell no-account cartridges like these ought ter have the law on 'em. Goin' ter smash that feller one, next time I see him.

Then the battle became slow. Sandy couldn't work farther around his barricade and, peep as he would, he could catch no sight of an enemy. Well, they being the strongest, it was up to them to come and hunt him. He would wait.

Bees hummed busily through the air, seeking the blossoms of the woodland for the gathering of their spoil. The birds returned and began their twittering, and from off in the forest a woodpecker's hammer recommenced a tapping into the bark. In the distance the cooing of a wild pigeon lent a melancholy note. The time crept forward and, on each side, the combatants waited for the next move. Sandy was getting restless and had almost resolved to take a chance on creeping in a wide detour around his men, and by this flanking movement to gain a shot or two.

From back of him came a sound of footsteps, padding across the needles. He threw himself at length upon the ground and wriggled his way to a place where no shot might reach. So his enemies had "beat him to it," and were rounding him up? Woe be to the first one who came in sight! What was the fool doing, anyway?

"Woof," came a snort from the rear. Sandy recognized the sound as being the satisfied grunt of a brown bear who, in fancied security, had made his way to a thicket of blackberries. But what was that other sound? More footsteps, and then a louder snort from the bear, a woman's scream, and the noise of tearing thickets as the animal plunged through the underbrush in flight.

The red-headed one, forgetful of danger, with curiosity at highest pitch, his composure startled by this wonderful occurrence of that unusual sound—a woman's voice—stretched his head over his rear breastwork and yelled "Hello!"

In his excitement he raised his head too high, and a rifle ball went whizzing through the top of his hat. Sandy ducked down, while from out in front a man's voice broke into curses directed at the one who had fired the shot.

"Can't you see," the voice expostulated, "that maybe she's in range over there—you damn fool!"

Sandy paid no heed to this remark, and it is doubtful if he even heard it, because all his attention was attracted toward the great unusual, the feminine side.

"Help! Help!" the woman's voice called. "Ugh! There was a great big bear here a minute ago, and I have fallen off a log into the bushes, and I can't get up, and there may be whole herds of bears down here in the dark, for all I can see. Why don't you help me?"

"Jest keep yer shirt on a minute," Sandy called reassuringly, "and I'll get around and help you. I'm a trifle busy out in front just now." Then he tried to make the wait easier by assuring her that the "b'ar had hiked, and there wa'n't nothin' down there to hurt her."

"But why don't you come at once?" the voice insisted.

"Got to kill a few fellers out here in front first," Sandy apologized. "Ef it wa'n't for that, I'd come now."

The voice was silent for a moment, as the woman evidently tried to think over a situation that made it necessary for a man to "kill a few fellers" before coming to her aid.

"Hey, you!" came a masculine voice from out in front.

"Yep," responded Sandy.

"Woman back thar?"

"Yep."

"Must be Missus Burrows. S'pose we call it quits till we talk to her."

Sandy's gun went back into his holster with a muffled snap. So this voice was Mrs. Burrows, the wife of A. Burrows, the man who was trying to rob Sandy of all he had in the world! It made no difference, she was a woman and in distress. The fight could wait. He would accept the truce, but it should be merely a truce, and no more. They couldn't have his claim.

"It's a go," he called to the enemy, and then, trusting to the chivalry of the frontier, paid no more attention to them and devoted himself to the rescue of the feminine voice.

Down in a cleft, between two great trees that had given up their lives and had sought rest on the ground, enmeshed in blackberry bushes, with torn garments and dishevelled hair, he found her. She was sobbing as he came. He reassured her and had led her from the thicket out into the open before his late adversaries came upon them.

They grouped themselves silently around. Sandy glared at them uncompromisingly. Two of them had rudely bandaged arms, and one had the haggard look of a man who has lost much blood. Dimly the woman realized that she had interrupted a tragedy.

"Oh, you are hurt!" she said, as she looked at the men. Then, turning to Sandy, she continued: "You see, these men work for me. I bought a claim from a locator down in Seattle, and hired these men to come and build my cabin—and now—and now two of them are hurt."

She turned toward them as Sandy sternly motioned to them to keep silence. They saw from his attitude that something inexplicable had happened, and acquiesced. They stood awkwardly, while she looked from one to the other in vague questioning.

"You see, I fell, and my rifle went off—and—and, well, I got scratched just a little mite," said the man with the shattered elbow, and Sandy loved him for the lie.

"Yes, just an accident," glibly chimed in the foreman.

They looked from one to the other, and the foreman brought relief by suggesting that it was time to make camp. One man began the opening of their packs, while the wounded were cared for. Sandy took grim satisfaction from the thought that the shot that caught the elbow had been a good one. But there was the woman.

"So you are 'A. Burrows'?" he said.

"Yes. You see, my full name is Anna, but I have been writing it with the initial so long, since my husband died, that it comes natural now." And her laughter smote upon him as a blow.

Here was his enemy—a woman. And it was her men whom he had fought, and it was her claim-notice that threatened him, and she a widow, who had paid money to professional locators to put her upon his ground. Yes—his ground! Ground that he had paid for with money and laborsil effort, and by following the maze of the

He Lashed Out with His Right.

law's technicalities. "His home!" The home that he had built and loved with a tenderness that came of years of longing for it. Anyway, thinking took time, and he must find the right way out.

So Sandy told Mrs. Burrows that he had a good cabin below there, and that she must be his guest that night at least, and until her men got a camp established. He urged his hospitality, and the foreman added his insistence.

As they walked down the trail and came in sight of its homely comfort, she went into ecstasies over its trimness and picturesqueness, and over the great, majestic view of peaks and valleys that stretched away in the distance from the brow of the hill. But every word of praise, that but a few days ago would have gladdened the big man's heart, was as a knife-thrust, searching out and opening up to him those things which he had always seen and felt, but could not have put into words.

For once Dick got no word of greeting. Two big, rough hands held the head up where the eyes could be looked into, but his master was beyond words. Could he have spoken he would have said: "Dick, Dick, they want our home."

It wasn't a very reassuring talk that Sandy listened to that night, and when he went out to roll himself into his blankets beneath the stars, having surrendered his rooftree to his guest, sleep failed to close his eyelids. He was fighting a battle which must be alone.

The widow had no other means than those which had been paid to the locators ("timber sharks," Sandy silently called them); and had come into these hollitutes to make for herself and her son a home which would fender them independent when the lumber companies came with the big mills to turn the giant trees into gold. The wait would not be long, especially as this claim was one of the most desirable in the district. Two or three years at the most, and Mrs. Burrows would be surrounded by farms instead of by forests, and she would be beyond want for life. But Sandy had seen that and more, too. For in this cabin, which rested on the hill back of him, was that consummation of his years of dreams—a "home." Every log in the humble pile had been squared with infinite care and sentiment; every shelf and homely convenience within it had carried a portion of his heart; and every "shake" in the roof had been to him but one step more toward a permanent shelter. The splendid ring of his adze had sung to him, to the tune of the wilderness, that at last his days of traveling and travail were at an end.

What should he do? What could he do? To contest the claim was, of course, to win, because his title was clear and unimpeachable. But to do so would end the dreams of a woman, a creature of the weaker sex, a portion of mankind that was to be fought for instead of against, that was to be treated tenderly and with reverence, that was unable to fight its own battles.

In the cabin, yonder, she slept, dreaming even more beautiful dreams than Sandy had ever known, of a home to be. And, worst of all, she probably thought the real owner was a "squatter," one of these shiftless, ignominous tramps of the Wilderness, despised by all "homesteaders" as well as by Sandy Smith.

Dick came and, with a cold muzzle, tried to explain that he was surprised at his own gladsomeness, and was in sympathy with his master's. And from the dog Sandy took comfort.

"You old rascal," he said, patting the head which had been laid trustingly beside his, "you're worth a dozen timber sharks, an' you don't suffer as much as lots of men. Your game ain't been an easy one, either, what with losin' your leg. Jest go to sleep and thank the Lord that you got your tail left. There's a heap o' satisfaction in bein' able to wag along."

When her men reported at the cabin door in the morning they found it open, the morning meal out of the way, and Sandy busily making up a pack. Again he glowered at them and took satisfaction from the appearance of the bandaged ones. He clumped into the cabin and took down the moldering pack-straps from their peg, drew them tightly around his canvas-covered blankets in which were wrapped his bacon, beans, flour and tea; he added the frying pan, coffee pot and ax to the outer lashings. Then he swung the pack to his back and settled his shoulders into the arm-straps. He picked up the rifle at his feet, and stood in the cabin door.

"Missus Burrows," he said, his voice husky with emotion, "you kin have this cabin and all that's in it. It's on your land, you know, because I ain't nothin' but a squatter. Hope you like the place."

Before she could reply, he was gone out to where her men squatted on a log.

"Damn you!" he snarled as he stood before them. "Don't think I'm leavin' because there's four of you. I'm goin' on off out into the west, somewhere where there ain't no stakes, to take a new claim. An' unless it's a woman who jumps it, there ain't men enough in the Olympics to take the new claim away from me."

The thrusting of Dick's nose into his unoccupied hand aroused other thoughts. He turned back to the open door wherein stood the woman.

"I'd be much obliged if you'd take good care of Dick fur me," he said, "because he cain't travel much. I had to lug him on my back most of the way up here, an' I've got a long ways to go—maybe the trail won't never end. Be good to him. He's a good fellow, even if he ain't got but three legs."

Then, with a final scowl at the men, he swung out and into the darkness of the woods, while behind him a crippled dog threw his head into the air and howled mournfully. It was the farewell of desolation.

Weeks of weary quest passed over Sandy's tired head. Go as he would, there was no spot open to him, no place which could be considered desirable, that welcomed him as a claimant, and no niche wherein he might with security rebuild his home. Time and again he had faced starvation, and always hardship and fatigue had been his only companions. It was useless. He had decided, with a weary heart, to make his way back out of this country where everything worth having had been taken, go to Seattle and turn his face to the far north. His route led him near the old home. He hungered for a sight of Dick and for the companionship of his great sympathetic eyes and caressing nose.

The trees took on a familiar look as he neared his old border-line, and he thought bitterly of his relinquishment of all this life had held for him there. He came suddenly on a new clearing and a new cabin, and stopped in amazement.

A sunny-faced woman stepped to the open door, and a dog sprang past her awkwardly, making his way with mouthings of welcome to Sandy's side. The man knelt on the ground and took the big, kindly, beast's head in his hands, and held it against his face. Here at last was a friend.

"What did you do it for?" Mrs. Burrows asked. "The locators came the day after you left, and said that there had been a mistake, and that my claim was the one adjoining yours. They said that you clearly owned the one which you lived on; and then I heard all about the fight. We tried to find you, but you had gone, no one knew where. After they had built this for

"What Did You Do It For?"

me, I took care of your place, too, because both Dick and I knew you would come back some time. Why did you ever give it up? Go back to it. It's yours, and we have all been keeping it for you."

"Two of us is workin' for her now," said a man with a bandaged arm who came up, "and we want to be your friends. You're worth knowing."

Sandy, overjoyed and dazed, walked down the trail.

There before him, with freshly planted flowers in front of the cabin, and other marked evidences of improvement and attention, stood home. In the fading light of the west, where the dying sun lighted up their snow-clad peaks and left in shadow their somber forests, stood the hills—his hills—unchanged and waiting and welcoming.

A weary man entered the silent cabin where everything stood as of old, and bowed his head upon his hands over the little pine table, while his body was shaken with sobs. And at his feet a crippled dog nestled with a great sigh of contentment.

THE KAISER AS GODFATHER.

Honor Conferred on Every Seventh Son Born in the Fatherland.

Apropos of the kaiser's recent treat to the school children of Stigheliffe, it is not generally known that he is godfather to every seventh son born in the fatherland. He takes an interest in them, too, as the following incident shows. When passing through the Rhine provinces some time back he stopped at a moors, and during his inspection of the soldiery and children his attention was drawn to his small "pathonkind," a seventh son, who was brought by his father, a stolid peasant, to be introduced to his imperial godfather. The kaiser spoke very kindly to the man, patted the child, which the empress took in her arms and kissed in a most motherly fashion. After making many inquiries as to the health, age and future prospects of his small godson, the emperor shook the father heartily by the hand, at the same time pressing into it a 100-mark note. The man was too bewildered to reply, and merely stood staring after the imperial pair, when the imperial aide-de-camp, who was just behind, said, smilingly: "And you never even said thank you." "Ach, gott!" exclaimed the other, recovering himself. "And so I ought to have done." And without waiting he rushed after the kaiser, touched him unceremoniously on the arm, and caught hold of his hand and shook it heartily, exclaiming at the same time: "Herr kaiser, I thank you; I thank you." The emperor had turned around very sharply at such familiarity, all his dignity roused, but when he saw who it was, shook him again by the hand and laughed as he passed on.—London P. T. O.

Rivers Beneath London Streets.

Among the many curious things that have at one time or another been found beneath the London streets, not the least interesting are the buried rivers, streams that have fallen on evil days. There were at least four known to preceding generations—the Westbourne, whence we get Westbourne Grove, wherein the late Mr. Whiteley achieved fame as the "Universal Provider;" the Tyburn, destined to give its name to a place of ill omen; the Holebourne (or Fleet), from which is derived the name of perhaps the most famous street in newspaperdom, and, lastly, the Wall Brook, a name not unknown to city men.

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The Rehearsal.

By Martha Cobb Sanford.

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Gerald Brabrook was the typical social bachelor. He played with equal grace the role of guest and host, and hence was exceedingly popular. It struck him suddenly, however, that such little functions as he was in the habit of initiating were too formal, too elaborate. They lacked the personal, intimate charm of hospitality in a domestic setting.

He decided to do something quite different from the conventional theater, restaurant dinners or automobile parties upon which his reputation had been built.

After some little meditation he decided to entertain a very few guests at dinner in his bachelor quarters. The first thing, of course, was to gravely consider those to be invited. For some time Madeline Gaylord's name headed an imaginary list in complimentary isolation. Gradually, however, other names to the number of five were added. The date was next arranged for and the invitations to "a most informal dinner" issued.

The most important feature being thus dismissed, Brabrook turned his attention to the minor details incident to a simple house dinner party. The inventory of his household assets proved appallingly negative:

No dining room table.
No table linen.
No dishes.
Plenty of wineglasses.
No silver.
Two candlesticks.

Well, he could hire the table linen, the dishes and the silver from a caterer, but he preferred to buy it. It was a pity he had not allowed himself a little more time for preparations. A week furnished a narrow margin.

Realizing that no time must be lost, Gerald first purchased a mahogany dinner table, round and large enough to seat six cozily. Elated over its acquisition and congratulating himself upon having had the remarkable foresight to invite just the right number to surround it, Brabrook attacked the next item on the list with a vim bordering upon enthusiasm.

"I'll ask Madeline Gaylord to help me out," he said to himself confidently and then immediately retracted the decision. No; he must do this thing all himself. Simple as the affair was to be, no woman should have the credit of having engineered it.

With the help of a very affable clerk Gerald selected a dinner cloth, napkins and appropriate centerpiece. It quite astonished him to find but how really expensive such everyday essentials were. He appreciated now, for the first time, why brides were supplied with "linen chests" as well as trousseaux.

It must be a great help to a young husband not to have to buy a lot of such things all at once. The purchase of the silver Gerald thoroughly enjoyed, and with very conscious pride he ordered his initials engraved upon each piece.

Gradually everything upon the list was checked off, and he was free to give his attention to the menu. This being quite in his line, all arrangements were soon concluded and left in charge of an expert chef.

As a master stroke of informality, however, Gerald decided to serve the dinner himself. To this end he considered a rehearsal necessary. Accordingly on the night preceding that for which the dinner was scheduled he rolled the new mahogany dining table into the middle of his not overspacious living room and, reluctantly hid its polished surface under the damask cloth.

A cut glass cigar holder, punctiliously placed on the center, represented floral decorations. (He should have American Beauties for the dinner itself. Madeline liked them.)

In the midst of sorting out the shining silver into sets of six Gerald was called to the telephone.

"Hello!" he answered. "Who? Miss Gaylord? Well, send her right up."

There was no time for trying to understand this most extraordinary happening. Gerald could only conclude that Madeline in an impulse of generosity had come over to offer her assistance. But Madeline unchaperoned!

"This is awfully good of you, Madeline," he said, with warm cordiality, ushering her in. "I am really in a hole over the arrangement of the silver. Do the spoons go here at the right or at the top or—"

"Just wait till I get my things off, Gerald, and I'll help you," Madeline interrupted gayly. "Oh, isn't it going to be fun?"

Gerald in a bewilderment of admiration watched the long coat fall from Madeline's graceful shoulders.

"A dream!" he murmured sotto voce.

Madeline blushed becomingly.

"Well, you certainly act as if you were in one, Gerald," she commented lightly. "Come, let's set the table. Oh," she broke off, laughing, "how awfully funny that cigar holder looks in the center of the table! You certainly aren't going to have it there. This isn't a stag dinner, you know."

"Oh, that's just a dummy," Gerald answered condescendingly. "There are to be American Beauties."

"Where are they?" demanded the mistress of ceremonies.

"Oh, let's not put them on now. They'd wilt," said Gerald whimsically. "And, anyway, they haven't come."

"Then for the time being I'm going to use these I'm wearing," Madeline announced.

Gerald, entirely forgetful of the unshared glory that he had coveted, stood watching Madeline as she deftly distributed the silver on the table. Her small, shapely hands seemed fairly to twinkle.

"Come, Gerald; make yourself useful," Madeline chided laughingly at

BUYING WISDOM.

The Secret of Buying What is Best for You to Have.

Secret? that so few have. It's a combination of talents especially profitable to the person of limited capital.

Knowing how to select qualities—judging values—spending just enough—getting what you need—saving here—doing without there—It's a long story.

AT THIS SEASON

when so many changes are taken—gifts to be made—at random almost—we put up against the inexperience of the buyer the proposition: If you buy what you don't want bring it back and get the money.

NOW THIS STORE

is full of Men's Wearables for Holiday Trade. The right goods for everybody.

"IKE" SIMONS

BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE
52-54 Main Street.
BRADFORD, PA.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF FIERI Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1909,

at 1 p. m., the following several pieces of property:

1.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or tract of land lying and being in the Township of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at an iron post in the center of the highway leading up Bennett Brook, said iron post being distant north 74 degrees 40 minutes west two hundred and thirty-five and eight-tenths (235.8) feet from the division line between the Boss and Stone farms; thence south 10 degrees 40 minutes west four hundred and thirty-five (435) feet; thence south 81 degrees 31 minutes west one hundred and fifty-eight and seven-tenths (158.7) feet; thence north 9½ degrees 45 degrees west eight hundred and eight and five-tenths (808.5) feet; thence north 57 degrees 27 minutes west three hundred and forty-five and five-tenths (345.5) feet; thence north 11 degrees 2 minutes west two hundred and twenty-three and eight-tenths (223.8) feet to the south line of the Schoey farm; thence south 79 degrees 15 minutes east three hundred and thirteen and two-tenths (313.2) feet along said Schoey's south line to the center of the highway; thence south 74 degrees 40 minutes east ten hundred and thirty-nine and four-tenths (1039.4) feet along the center of the highway to the place of beginning, containing eight and one-fourth (8¼) acres, more or less, and being the same property conveyed to Augustus W. Newell by Company by Harry Boss and wife by Deed dated September 16, 1899, recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County in Deed Book Vol. 125, page 17, &c.

Improved and having situate thereon 2 tenhouses, 1 shed and one tool house and one scale house. 5 ice ponds.

ALSO,

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land, situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at an iron post on the east side of Bennett street, seventy-five feet north of Washington street, and at the northwest corner of lot deeded to Frank Foote, Jan. 7, 1880; thence east and parallel with Washington street, ninety two (92) feet to Bennett Brook road; thence northwesterly along Bennett Brook road, one hundred and ninety-two (192) feet more or less, to a point at the junction of Bennett Brook road and Bennett street; thence south, along Bennett st., one hundred and sixty seven (167) feet; more or less to the place of beginning; being all of a triangular lot lying between Bennett street and Bennett Brook road, seventy-five (75) feet north of Washington street and being the same property conveyed to the Maple Grove Ice Company by Augustus W. Newell and wife by Deed dated March 9th, 1899, and recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County in Deed Book Vol. 124, page 33, &c.

Improved also having situate thereon one barn, one ice house, one blacksmith shop and a wagon shed.

ALSO,

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in Bradford Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post and stones at the southeast corner of Lot No. 338; thence north sixty-seven and four-tenths (67.4) rods more or less to a post at the southeast corner of lands conveyed to Amelia M. Tibbetts; thence west fifty-six (56) rods more or less to a post; thence south sixty-seven and four-tenths (67.4) rods to a post; thence east fifty-six (56) rods to the place of beginning, containing twenty-four and six-tenths (24.6) acres of land more or less, being the southwest part of lot No. 338 in Warrant No. 3006.

ALSO,

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in Bradford Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at the east side of the highway leading up Bennett Brook, at the South bar post of the Road fence, the northwest corner of the land by these presents conveyed; thence along wire fence south 88 degrees 45 minutes east sixty-two and forty-five hundredths (62 45-100) rods to corner fence post; thence along what is supposed to be east line of Warrant 3006, south 45 minutes east, sixty-eight and seventy-three hundredths (68.73) rods to a post and stones; thence south 88 degrees 45 minutes twenty-four and four-tenths (24.4) rods to a post and stones, witnessed by small cherry and 60 degrees west, thirteen feet from said post; thence north 28 degrees 45 minutes west seventy-seven and four-tenths (77.4) rods to the place of beginning, containing eighteen and eighty-six hundredths (18.80) acres more or less; the said piece, parcel or tract of land by these presents conveyed being the first in their order of description of those certain pieces, parcels by tracts of land conveyed unto Mary E. Abbott by Daniel Kingsbury and wife by deed dated the 18th day of June, 1869, and recorded in the Recorder's Office in and for McKean County in Deed Book "P," page 421, and being the southeast part of Lot No. 338 and part of Warrant 3006, said lot of land having been conveyed to John J. Sheehy by the said Mary Abbott and husband by deed dated the 28rd day of June, 1884, and recorded in the Recorder's Office in and for McKean County in Deed Book 25, at page 112, etc., keeping, saving and reserving nevertheless out of the land above described, that certain part or portion thereof which is bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a fence post in the east line of the highway and southwest line of the land above described at forty-two and five-tenths (42.5) rods from the southwest corner of said land; thence along said southwest line being also the east line of the highway, north 16 degrees 45 minutes west four and twenty-seven hundredths (4 27-100) rods to a post and stones; south thence 14 degrees 30 minutes west seven and five-tenths (7.5) rods to a post in the northeast line of the highway in Bennett Brook witnessed by a large apple tree, south 10 degrees west fifteen (15) feet from said post; thence from the post along the north line of the highway north 59 degrees 30 minutes west six and sixty-five hundredths (6.65) rods to the place of beginning. Containing twenty-six hundredths (.26-100) of an acre more or less.

ALSO,

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in Bradford Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Easterly by land of John J. Sheehy four hundred and six (406) feet; on the south by land of H. Boss three hundred (300) feet and on the west by a private road leading from Bennett Brook to land of Patrick Farrell, being a triangular piece of land. EXCEPTING AND RESERVING out of the bound of the three last above described pieces of land, the following described tract of land, to-wit: Bounded on the north by Bennett Brook road, one hundred and twenty-seven (127) feet, on the east by private road leading from Bennett Brook road to lands of Patrick Farrell, eighty-six and one-half (86½) feet, and on the west by lands of Charles Fish, one hundred and seventy-four (174) feet being a triangular lot of land and part of Warrant 3007.

THE LAST ABOVE DESCRIBED PROPERTIES being the same conveyed to the Maple Grove Ice Company by James L. Andrews by deed dated August 2nd, 1907.

Improved and having thereon 2 dwelling houses, one large saw barn, one horse barn, two wagon sheds, tool-house, two ice houses, one ice pond and one orchard.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of the Maple Grove Ice Company at the suit of S. G. Collin, now for use of First National Bank, of Bradford, Pa.

D. E. Jack, plaintiff's attorney.

2.

Defendant's interest in all that piece, parcel, tract of land and village lot situate on Broad street in the borough of Port Allegany, county of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at an iron pin in the north line of Broad street and another corner of block No. 7, thence running distant across Elm street extension from southeast corner of block No. 8 and lot No. 54; thence north thirty degrees west eight (87) perches to an iron pin for a corner; thence north sixty degrees east four (4) perches to an iron pin for a corner; thence south thirty degrees east eight (8) perches to an iron pin in the north line of Broad street; thence south sixty degrees west along line of Broad street four (4) perches to the place of beginning and being lot No. 55 of block No. 7 of Smith addition to the borough of Port Allegany, and containing thirty-two (32) square perches of land. This deed by the parties made and by the party of the second part accepted upon the express condition, agreement and reservation that the party of the second part, her heirs and assigns, shall erect and maintain when required, a good, sufficient and legal fence along the east and north lines of said lot so long and whensoever the parties of the first part or the heirs of either shall either own or occupy any land continuous to the same.

This deed is made subject to a contract for the sale of said lot made by Samuel W. Smith and William E. Smith, deceased, to Abram W. Fisher, dated January 22nd, 1898. The said contract having been signed by said Fisher to the said Harry P. Blackmann, the party of the second part, above mentioned.

Reference being herein made to a deed from Henry N. Rose, executor of William E. Smith, dated Sept. 19, 1905, and recorded in deed book, Vol. 136, page 382, etc.

ALSO,

Defendant's interest in all that piece, parcel or tract of land situate in the borough of Port Allegany, county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post standing north thirty (30) degrees west, sixty-six and five-tenths (66.5) perches from the stone set in the centre of the four corners and being the southwest corner of land of G. Vosburg; thence by the centre of the road north thirty (30) degrees west seven and four-tenths (7.4) perches to a post corner in the centre of the road; thence north sixty degrees east six-teen and five-tenths (16.5) perches to a post in the centre of the road; thence by the centre thereof south nineteen (19) degrees east seven and six-tenths (7.6) perches to a post in the centre of the road; thence south sixty (60) degrees west fifteen (15) perches to the place of beginning containing one hundred and sixteen and six-tenths (116.6) square perches strict measure, be the same more or less. Being same premises conveyed to Miles T. Bley, party of the first part, by Alice A. Hughes by deed dated Aug. 3rd, A. D. 1898, and recorded in deed book Vol. 131, page 285, etc., in Recorder's office of McKean county, Pennsylvania.

Improved and having thereon one one and one-half story, frame dwelling house, a one story office building and a few fruit trees.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Florence May Heggie, executrix of the last will and testament of Mary P. Blackmun deceased, and Mrs. W. G. Heggie, a non-resident of McKean county, Pennsylvania, at the suit of R. A. Heggie.

O. L. Snyder, plaintiff's attorney.

3.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land in the Boro of Kane, McKean county and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 3166, being lot No. 8, Clay street, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post in the east line of Clay street, three hundred thirty-five (335) feet southward from the southeast corner of Clay and Greeves streets; thence parallel to Greeves street north seventy degrees east two hundred (200) feet to a post; thence parallel to Clay street south twenty degrees east sixty feet (S 20 degrees E 60 ft.) to a post; thence parallel to Greeves street south seventy degrees west two hundred feet (S 70 degrees W 200 ft.) to a post; thence by the east line of Clay street (there being no courts filed, &c.) north twenty degrees west sixty feet (N 20 degrees W 60 ft.) to the place of beginning. Containing twelve thousand square feet (12,000 sq. ft.) more or less, and being the same premises conveyed by John Fensie to Emma Fensie by deed dated March 25, 1901, and recorded in the Recorder's office, McKean county, in deed book Vol. 114, page 377, etc., and by Emma Fensie to the party of the first part by deed dated June 10, 1905, and recorded in the Recorder's office of McKean county in deed book volume 133, page 430, etc. This conveyance is expressly made and accepted under and subject to all and singular the exceptions, reservation, conditions and restrictions in the said deed mentioned or contained, as the same, reference thereto being had will more fully and at large appear. Containing and reserving the same restrictions contained in former deeds.

Improved and having thereon one two story frame house and one board barn.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of J. Clengwood, at the suit of A. Sizer, now for use of Kane Trust & Savings Company.

F. J. Woods, plaintiff's attorney.

4.

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the city of Bradford, county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post on the west side of Pearl street, seventy-nine and one-half feet north of State street, at the north-east corner of lot deeded to Mrs. Jane Johnson, by deed dated March 21st, 1883; thence west sixty-nine (69) feet more or less; thence north twenty-eight and one-half, (28½) feet; thence west six (6) feet more or less; thence north thirty (30) feet; thence east seventy-five (75) feet to Pearl street; thence south along Pearl street fifty-eight and one-half (58½) feet to place of beginning, containing four thousand two hundred and sixteen and one-half (4216½) square feet more or less, and being a part of the land conveyed to the said Augustus W. Newell by Daniel Kingsbury and wife by deed dated December 15, A. D. 1868, and recorded in the Recorder's Office in and for said County of McKean. Being same land conveyed to said Anna L. Lovitz by A. W. Newell and wife by deed dated Oct. 13, 1896, and recorded in McKean County Records in Deed Book 92, page 65, etc.

Improved and having thereon one two-story frame dwelling house, and one one and one-half story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of H. Lovitz and H. Lovitz, administrator of Anna L. Lovitz, deceased, at the suit of Robeces K. Bennett et al, Assignees.

James George, plaintiff's attorney.

5.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the City of Bradford, McKean County, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at a post on Fourth street thence along said street thirty feet thence west fifty feet thence north to a pine tree fourteen feet, thence fifty feet to the place of beginning be the same more or less. Being the same land conveyed unto William Davis by Fred W. Smith and Anna B. Smith his wife by deed bearing date the 12th day of May, A. D. 1884, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds for McKean County, Pennsylvania, in Deed Book 98, page 607, &c., and the same conveyed by the said Wm. Davis and wife unto Catherine Hust by deed dated the 20th day of June, A. D. 1888, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds for McKean County, Pa., in Deed Book 50, page 128, &c., and by the said Catherine Hust and John Hust her husband, was conveyed to the said parties of the first part by deed dated August 2nd, 1889, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds in Deed Book Vol. No. 51 at page 88, &c., reference had to the said deeds at their places of record respectively the same will more fully and at large appear.

Improved and having thereon a one-story frame cottage.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of S. Stoffer, Adm'r of the estate of Pasquale Mancuso, deceased, at the suit of Elizabeth Hermes, Ex'rx of the estate of Dominick Hermes, deceased.

James George, plaintiff's attorney.

6.

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Township of Lafayette, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post at the northwest corner of lot number sixty-three of the Mineral Run tract, running thence north along the west line of said lot six hundred feet; thence west on a line parallel with the north line of said lot one thousand feet; thence north on a line parallel to the west line six hundred feet to the north line of said lot; thence west along the said north line one thousand feet to the place of beginning. Being a part of lot number sixty-three (63) of said Mineral Run tract. Together with the brick works, kilns and appurtenances thereon and thereunto belonging. Excepting and reserving all the oil and gas in, under and upon the land above described as conveyed in deed for said premises, except P. B. Broughton and C. A. Davis, it is agreed that second parties shall have the exclusive right of spring for water as now used, with the right to lay and maintain pipe to same for the enjoyment thereof.

Improved and having thereon one brick-lined building used for the manufacture of pressed brick, with necessary machinery and appliances, wood storage sheds, right kilns, out-buildings and property used in the manufacture of brick.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of P. B. Broughton and C. A. Davis, at the suit of C. A. Davis, now for use of O. F. Schoallhorn.

James George, plaintiff's attorney

7.

Defendant's interest in all that tract or parcel land situate in the City of Bradford, McKean County, State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point in the west line of Kennedy street at the northeast corner of the lot of De Silver Weld and running thence northerly along the west line of Kennedy street thirty (30) feet to the land of the Orpheus Hall Association; thence westerly along the south line of said Synagogue lot, seventy-four (74) feet to land of the Orpheus Hall Association; thence southerly along the east line of said Hall Association's lot, thirty (30) feet, to land of De Silver Weld; thence easterly along his north line, seventy-four (74) feet to place of beginning. Being same land conveyed to Ellen V. Stanton by deed dated July 20th, A. D. 1905. Being same land conveyed to Ellen V. Stanton, by Famelia G. Foster formerly Famelia G. Bross (widow) by deed dated the 3rd day of November, A. D. 1897, and recorded in Recorder's Office of McKean County in Deed Book 89, page 80, &c., and being same land conveyed by Ellen V. Stanton (widow) to Alice M. Catlin, by deed dated Sept. 5, 1903, and recorded in Deed Book No. 125, page 341.

Improved and having thereon one two-story frame house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Ellen V. Stanton, at the suit of Charles A. Spencer.

Mullin & Mullin, plaintiff's attorneys.

8.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post on the east line of Clay street, three hundred thirty-five (335) feet southward from the southeast corner of Clay and Greeves streets; thence parallel to Greeves street south seventy degrees west two hundred (200) feet to a post; thence parallel to Clay street south twenty degrees east sixty feet (S 20 degrees E 60 ft.) to a post; thence parallel to Greeves street south seventy degrees east two hundred feet (S 70 degrees E 200 ft.) to a post; thence by the east line of Clay street north twenty degrees west sixty feet (N 20 degrees W 60 ft.) to the place of beginning. Containing twelve thousand square feet (12,000 sq. ft.) more or less, and being the same premises conveyed by John Fensie to Emma Fensie by deed dated March 25, 1901, and recorded in the Recorder's office, McKean county, in deed book Vol. 114, page 377, etc., and by Emma Fensie to the party of the first part by deed dated June 10, 1905, and recorded in the Recorder's office of McKean county in deed book volume 133, page 430, etc. This conveyance is expressly made and accepted under and subject to all and singular the exceptions, reservation, conditions and restrictions in the said deed mentioned or contained, as the same, reference thereto being had will more fully and at large appear. Containing and reserving the same restrictions contained in former deeds.

Improved and having thereon one two story frame house and one board barn.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of J. Clengwood, at the suit of A. Sizer, now for use of Kane Trust & Savings Company.

F. J. Woods, plaintiff's attorney.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., February 5, 1909.

NOTICE.

THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNTS OF ADMINistrators, Executors and Guardians, having been settled in the office of the Register of Wills, the same will be presented for confirmation at the Orphans' Court to be held at Smethport, in and for the county of McKean in the State of Pennsylvania, on the fourth (4th) Monday of February, A. D. 1909.

First and partial account of Herman H. North, executor of the last Will and Testament of John E. Morrison, deceased.

First and final account of Delila J. Colwell, administratrix of the estate of John Colwell, deceased.

First and final account of F. J. Goodfellow, administrator of the estate of W. A. Nihoof, deceased.

First, final and distribution account of John B. Eastman, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Luther Eastman, deceased.

Final account of Lewis C. Knapp and Thomas L. Knapp, executors of the last Will and Testament of Emeline L. Knapp, deceased.

First, final and distribution account of Herbert E. Allen, administrator of the estate of Elmira Prosser, deceased.

Final account of A. J. Douglas, executor of the last Will and Testament of James Muleney, deceased.

Second and partial account of Harriet C. Saunders and Lydia C. Rees Lewis, executors of the last Will and Testament of W. J. Colegrove, deceased.

First, partial and distributive account of Ada M. Young, administrator, c. t. a. of the last Will and Testament of Ann Elida Taylor, deceased.

First and final accounts of Frank Eckert, guardian of Winnie Bishop, Ilda Bishop and George Bishop, late minor children of Emery LeRoy Bishop, deceased.

First, final and distribution account of

MA'S NEW HUSBAND

Musical Number, Act I, Smethport Lyceum, Thursday, Feb. 4.

Eat What

You want of the food you need Kodol will digest it.

You need a sufficient amount of good wholesome food and more than this you need to fully digest it.

Else you can't gain strength, nor can you strengthen your stomach if it is weak.

You must eat in order to live and maintain strength.

You must not diet, because the body requires that you eat a sufficient amount of food regularly.

But this food must be digested, and it must be digested thoroughly.

When the stomach can't do it, you must take something that will help the stomach.

The proper way to do is to eat what you want, and let Kodol digest the food.

Nothing else can do this. When the stomach is weak it needs help; you must help it by giving it rest, and Kodol will do that.

Our Guarantee

Go to your druggist today, and purchase a dollar bottle, and if you can honestly say, that you did not receive any benefits from it, after using the entire bottle, the druggist will refund your money to you without question or delay.

We will pay the druggist the price of the bottle purchased by you.

This offer applies to the large bottle only and to but one in a family.

We could not afford to make such an offer, unless we positively knew what Kodol will do for you.

It would bankrupt us.

The dollar bottle contains 2½ times as much as the fifty cent bottle.

Kodol is made at the laboratories of E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.

Sold by [illegible]

Marlin
A 6½ lb. field gun, light, strong, hard hitting, true, that's the Marlin Model 16 Repeating Shotgun, the best 16 gauge repeating gun ever manufactured
For quail and pheasant shooting, woodcock, squirrels, rabbits and other game you'll find the Marlin Model 16 without a peer.
Equipped, like the famous Marlin Model 19, with the Marlin solid top, and the Marlin closed-in breech bolt, which shuts out the sand, rain, sleet and snow from the action, and the Marlin side ejection and the beautiful Marlin balance, this gun is a standard in construction, assembling and quick response to the touch of the trigger. Have your dealer show it.
There's a full description of all Marlin repeaters, rifles and shot-guns, and lots of valuable information for all sportsmen in the "Marlin Book" just issued, 136 pages with a handsome art cover. It's FREE for 3 stamps postage.
The Marlin Firearms Co.
42 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

Arthur L. Bailey, administrator of the estate of F. H. Bailey, deceased.

First and final account of Andrew Gustafson, administrator of the estate of August Johnson, deceased.

First and final account of E. E. Eldridge, guardian of Polly Parker Mitchell-Tree, late minor child of Noah H. Parker, both deceased.

JOHN B. EASTMAN, Register.

Smethport, Pa., January 27, 1909.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 21, October Term, 1908.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Maud Miller did, on the 2nd day of June 1908, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you Frank E. Miller.

We therefore command you, the said Frank E. Miller, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February, 1909, to answer the petition or libel of Maud Miller and show cause, if any you have, why the said Maud Miller, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., January 25, 1909.

F. W. Hastings, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 14, Oct. Term, 1908.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Earl D. Kilpatrick did, on the 1st of June 1908, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes there set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Althell Kilpatrick.

We therefore command you, the said Althell Kilpatrick, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February, next to answer the petition or libel of Earl D. Kilpatrick and show cause, if any you have, why the said Earl D. Kilpatrick, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., January 25, 1909.

Mullin & Mullin, Libellant's Attorneys.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 249, October Term, 1908.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Elsie F. Colin did, on the 4th day of September, 1908, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Frank E. Colin.

We therefore command you, the said John E. Colin, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February next, to answer the petition or libel of Elsie F. Colin your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeable to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., January 25, 1909.

E. B. Mayo Esson, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 121, Oct. Term, 1908.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Minnie Gallagher did, on the 16th of July, 1908, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Frank Gallagher.

We therefore command you, the said Frank Gallagher that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February next to answer the petition or libel of Minnie Gallagher and show cause, if any you have, why the said Minnie Gallagher, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., January 25, 1909.

H. S. Rogers, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 220, Oct. Term, 1908.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Myrtle Bronk did, on the 29th day of August, 1908, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Peter Bronk.

We therefore command you, the said Peter Bronk that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February, next to answer the petition or libel of Myrtle Bronk and show cause, if any you have, why the said Myrtle Bronk, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., January 25, 1909.

F. D. Gallup, Libellant's Attor